

Richard Wallace

Per Annos



K. L. C.

1955

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Editorial

MISS GILLARD — TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

This is a jubilee year at King's Hall—a time for looking backwards, with pride and gratitude because our beloved Miss Adelaide Gillard this year completes twenty-five years as our Head-Mistress. On the occasion of such an anniversary it is natural to look back and to review the events, world wide and local, which have taken place. We need not tell our readers of the historic changes, world-shattering wars, inventions and progress—these things are known. Nor can we give a detailed account of the activities at the school—there is not the space. What we want to do is to *pay tribute to a great lady*, to try to express the admiration, the gratitude of a multitude of girls who have had the privilege of Miss Gillard's guidance during this quarter century. Those who are now mothers, those who have just left, those who were new this year, those who are graduating this year—we all have one thing in common—an important thing—we have had Miss Gillard to influence us, to teach us, sometimes to scold us, but above all to inspire us.

Through all these years of tumult and chaos in the world in this quiet countryside of Compton, our dear Miss Gillard has steadfastly continued to instil in us the priceless and eternal truths—Faith in God, compassion, consideration for others, honour, integrity, the awareness of responsibility and duty, and the love of beauty and simple things. These things cannot be learned from a text book.

One wonders how many of us have ever paused to consider from *her* point of view, what all this has meant to Miss Gillard? Has it been fun, has she enjoyed it? Has it been a heavy burden, a thankless task? For the answer one has only to look at Miss Gillard. We see a loving person, serene and smiling. How can she do it, we ask ourselves, knowing as we do, what trials she is subjected to! This must be a dedicated person, someone who loves the challenge of our waywardness, our imperfections. She must recognize her great gift for molding, guiding, comforting.

I am sure I express the feelings of twenty-five years of Compton girls when I say, We salute you, Miss Gillard, and God Bless you!

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE—AND ARE WE?

A famous humorist once said, "When I was sixteen I considered my parents narrow-minded idiots, but when I was twenty-six I was amazed at how much the old fools had learned in ten years!"

This witty comment was brought to mind when a popular periodical recently published an article entitled "Things I Wish My Parents Wouldn't Do." Actually when the situation is analyzed, it appears that most teenagers and most parents have their disagreements on the same handful of subjects.

These causes of friction almost invariably include such items as the following:

Lipstick—at what age, how much, and on what occasions?

Highheels—again at what age, and how high?

Clothes—what is the compromise between eight crinolines for breakfast and what Mother refers to as "dressing sensibly"?

Curfews—"Where are you going, with whom, how are you getting home, and at what time?"

Health—"Don't forget your vitamins; it is time for bed; don't catch cold; have milk instead of coffee."

We, I speak for the teenagers, know that we frequently ask ourselves in one way or another, "Are parents people?" It is rather disconcerting to realize that they, the parents, are undoubtedly asking the same question in reverse! Who's right? Before going any further, let us hasten to assert that we all love our parents and we know they love us. But they so often don't understand! Were they never young? That devastating opening "In our day"! We like to think that in their day life was so simple and rules so strict that there was no problem. We don't care to be told that as teens they had the very same problems, and that they are trying to help us avoid their mistakes. This simply doesn't ring a bell! What a pity, we say, parents are not modern, in time with the times, contemporary! They are kind and dear and we are extremely fond of them, but they have a lot to learn!

Oh, by the way, in the same publication which printed the splendid article about parents' mistakes, there was an editorial entitled "Obey—or Pay". Reluctantly I found myself reading the thing. It mentioned such angles as "You've got to obey the laws of health or pay for it physically. You've got to sit on a hot temper or take the consequences. You've got to control extravagances, or you'll go broke. If you never learn the habit of obedience, you grow up to be a slave to the worst tyrant of all—yourself."

Well, we think there may be something in all this, but meanwhile parents really should take a course in psychology—or should we?



Miss Gillard's Letter

King's Hall,
14th April, 1955

Dear Girls:

As there seems to be so much discontent in the world to-day, in spite of the fact that there are supposed to be more opportunities for enjoyment, it might be worth-while to try to decide what makes people happy. One eminent British Statesman wrote, "This seems to be a pleasure-seeking age. Whether it be a pleasure-seeking age or not, I doubt whether it is a pleasure-finding age."

That same British Statesman declared that there are four things which are essential to happiness. The first, "Some moral standard by which to guide our actions." Unless you have good, firm personal standards and live by them you cannot be truly happy. You have to live with yourself, and to be happy with yourself you must be able to respect yourself. The maladjusted people are those who have no worth-while standards to live up to.

The second, "Some satisfactory home-life in the form of good relations with family or friends." Unless success and happiness can be shared with family or friends they have no real meaning. You cannot enjoy anything fully unless you share it with others: happiness means sharing.

The third, "Some form of work which justifies our existence to our own country and makes us good citizens." The discontented people of this world are those with no definite occupation or objective—those who live solely for pleasure. Busy people are happy people. The busiest people always manage to find time to work for others. It is a sad fact that people with plenty of time rarely use it for the public good. Give a job to a busy person and it will be done. The most lasting and satisfying happiness comes from doing for others.

The fourth, "Some degree of leisure and the use of it in some way that makes us happy." A well-balanced life requires not only work, but recreation. With the shorter work-week time for recreation is no longer the prerogative of what used to be termed, "the leisured class". Unless this extra time is used wisely it can lead to discontent and unhappiness. Everyone needs to develop some interest or hobby which will give him pleasure and develop his talents. All four of the above are equally important. Failure to fulfil any one will spoil the whole.

Many tributes have been paid to Sir Winston Churchill on his retirement. Even his bitterest political opponents agree that he is the "Man of the Century". Circumstances enabled him to make use of his talents, but does not the real secret of his greatness lie in his original and constructive use of leisure time, in work that satisfied his ambition and his interest in the welfare of others, in his happy, normal family-life, and in his adherence to high, moral standards?

Yours affectionately,

Adelaide Gillard.

Salve Magistra

Miss Gillard and King's Hall are often in the minds of the girls who, in the past twenty-five years, have felt the warmth of her interest and, when need arose, the lash of her tongue recalling the wanderer to the path of duty. From letters received by the Editor of "Per Annos" the following quotations are a tribute both to Miss Gillard as a friend and to the influence she has had on all who know her:

"What a truly satisfying feeling it must be to look back on twenty-five years, and know that they have been spent in such a worthwhile way. There are few that have this privilege.

"All your girls carry with them memories of a school and most especially of a Head Mistress that probably did more to shape their future than any other single factor.

"Your Old Girls, many of whom are now married with children of their own, face many of the problems that you must have faced with us.

"Well remembered are the treasured moments, such as when all in dressing-gowns and wrapped in eiderdowns, huddled in the lounge, you'd read us Christmas stories, and later we'd sing carols.

"The many and all inspiring lectures on Saturday morning—sage words of sound advice following a rather bitter ordeal of order marks.

"Our experiences probably aren't different from those experienced by King's Hall girls, past and present, but this only helps to strengthen the bonds between generations of Compton Old Girls. It is an unspoken truth that their values are our values; their code of ethics, our code of ethics; thus making the feeling that of mutual understanding.

"Our trips to see you at school are always an event for us, and we never cease to be amazed by the fact that you not only remember us, but know what we're doing, or are keenly interested in finding out."

"At school we knew the world outside as a world at war. You taught us then, Miss Gillard, the standards to maintain. We are thankful to have had

these lessons, and happy to know that the girls at King's Hall receive them still."

"We recall vividly your Closing Day words pointing out our responsibility to maintain the peace which our brothers and sisters had fought to win for us.

"From England, Italy, U.S.A., Canada, or wherever the Old Girls may be, we join to congratulate you, Miss Gillard, on the wonderful success you have had in helping all of us in our lives."

"Whatever the occupation, I feel each one of us from time to time fondly thinks back upon those words of advice and that strong leadership that moulded us for these post-war years.

"Again we look back fondly to our freedom and realize how fortunate we were to benefit from 'Gilly's faultless guidance'."

"No one student can forget your understanding and love for all of us, which you always managed to impart."

"Those were the days when a victory over Stanstead was a world-shaking event, with Miss Gillard waiting at the top of the stairs to welcome back the conquering heroes, or soothe the ruffled feathers of the losers.

"For a class who had spent as much time during the previous four, five, and even six years planning for that wonderous day when we would leave our school days behind us, we were certainly a sorry looking group as we stood in the front hall waiting for the station taxi. No one would make the first move to say good-bye to Miss Gillard. Too many happy memories crowded each of our minds and hearts.

"Though we were a divided class in school hours, we were united then, as we are today, in hoping that King's Hall girls will be fortunate enough to have Miss Gillard with them for yet another twenty-five years."

"A Toast to Miss Gillard."

K. H. C. O. G. A.—1930—1955.

Head Girls



JOANNE DICK—"Jo"
Arnprior, Ontario.

1952-55

"Man is creation's best achievement
But who says so? Man."

Favourite Expression:—"That was a gruelling experience."

Pastime:—Singing "Rise and Shine" at the crack of dawn.

Prototype:—Dead-Eye Dick

Activities:—Soccer, School; Volleyball, House; Badminton;
Current Events; Choir; Glee Club; Library Committee;
Literature Club; Dramatics; Matric. Entertainment Com-
mittee; Form Captain 1953.



WENDY JOHNSTON—"Johnst"
Rosemere, P.Q.

Rideau
1952-55

"Opportunity is often lost through deliberation"

Favourite Expression:— Don't be lippy!

Pastime:—Driving corvettes around Delray Beach.

Prototype:—Carol Channing (Another reason why gentlemen
prefer blondes).

Activities:—Soccer, School; Basketball, School; Volleyball,
House; Badminton; Current Events; Choir; Glee Club;
Literature Club; Dramatics; Form Captain 1954.

Head Girl's Report

1955 is especially notable as Miss Gillard's twenty-fifth anniversary as Principal of King's Hall. Although at times this year we disappointed her by getting too many order marks and so forth, yet I feel that on the whole each girl has tried her best to uphold the honour of the School and the standards of her House.

The House totals have been low as compared to previous years but competition has been extremely keen and the loyalty and support the girls have given to their respective Houses has allowed no one House to remain on top for any length of time.

The competition for the Sports Shield has been acute, especially between Montcalm and Rideau, although MacDonald makes a valiant effort. Inter-school sports also have been great fun.

As you will see farther on in the Magazine we have been well entertained with concerts and plays, some plays put on here by the various Forms and some by B.C.S. and U.B.C. Unfortunately our social life during the second term was non-existent because of measles at B.C.S. However, the formal was a great success as was the tea dance at Bishop's on Thanksgiving Monday.

Although I wasn't present for the Red Cross supper I heard that the knitting and sewing done by the girls were wonderful and I know that the Red Cross would be "thrilled" with the bale.

On behalf of the student body I should like to thank Miss Gillard and the Staff for helping us with our many problems and for taking such a great interest in us. The Prefects and I should like, also, to thank each individual girl for being so co-operative and helpful and for showing respect for our position.

I wish the best of luck to the Head Girl of 1956-57 and hope that she will be every bit as proud as I am of being your Head Girl (even if I did end up with a bang!)

JOANNE DICK

The whole school wishes to pay its tribute of affection and admiration to Joanne Dick, our Head Girl.

I am deeply honoured to be the one chosen to carry out her duties during her absence—take her place, I cannot do.

WENDY JOHNSTON

Prefects

JUDITH ST. GEORGE—"Saint"
Montreal, P.Q.

Head of Macdonald
1948-55

"The path of true love never did run smooth."

Favourite Expression:—"I'll clear the first course, but not the second."

Pastime:—Tearing stamps off airmail letters!!!

Prototype:—Pogo.

Activities:—Soccer, House; Basketball, House; Ballet; Current Events; Choir; Crucifer, 1954-55; Head Library Committee, 1953-54; Literature Club; Magazine Representative, VI A; Dramatics; Form Captain 1949 and 53.

SUSAN CUTHBERTSON—"Cuthy"
Town of Mount Royal, P.Q.

Prefect on Macdonald
1949-55

"Blushing is the colour of virtue."

Ambition:—To own one hundred crinolines.

Probable Destination:—Owning a starch factory.

Prototype:—The naughty lady of Shady Lane.

Activities:—Soccer, School; Volleyball, House; Basketball, House; Ballet; Current Events; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Dramatics.

DIANE SMITH—"Smidie"
Toronto, Ontario.

Head of Montcalm
1950-55

"I'm as big for me as you are big for you."

Pet Aversion:—Daddy-long-legs and his clan.

Pastime:—Bubble-baths and marshmallows.

Prototype:—Ragdoll.

Activities:—Soccer, School; Basketball, School; Volleyball, House; Tennis, House; Badminton; Current Events; Choir; Glee Club; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Representative, V B.

BARBARA JANE NEWELL—"B.J."
Montreal, P.Q.

Prefect on Montcalm
1951-55

"Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me."

Ambition:—Teaching or modelling.

Probable Destination:—Model teacher.

Prototype:—Jerry Lewis, 1952-53.

Activities:—Soccer, School; Basketball, School; Volleyball, House; Ballet; Current Events; Choir; Glee Club; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Matric. Entertainment Committee; Form Captain, 1952.

ANN RAWLINGS—"Rawl"
Montreal, P.Q.

Head of Rideau
1948-55

"Evil to him who evil thinks."

Pet Aversion:—People who keep asking where the French verb list is.

Pastime:—Eating cold artichokes and black bread.

Prototype:—Tommy Traddles.

Activities:—Soccer, School; Basketball, School; Volleyball, House; Tennis, House; Ballet; Current Events; Glee Club; Literature Club; Dramatics.

ANTONIA MITCHELL—"Ant"
Massawippi, P.Q.

Prefect on Rideau
1949-55

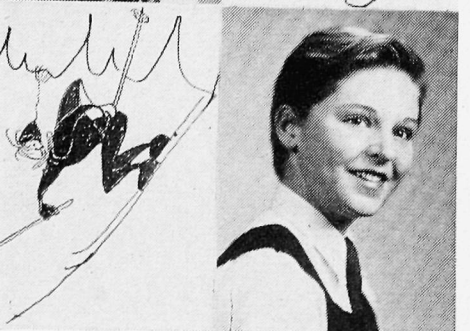
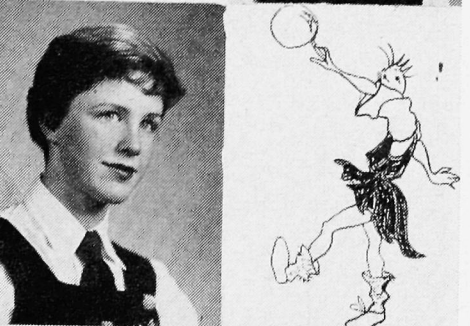
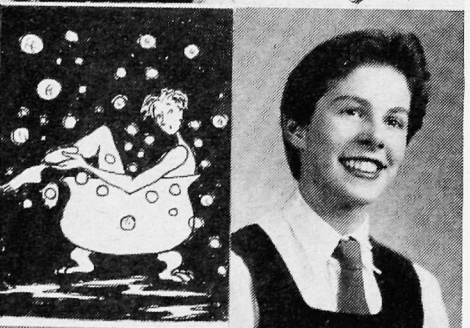
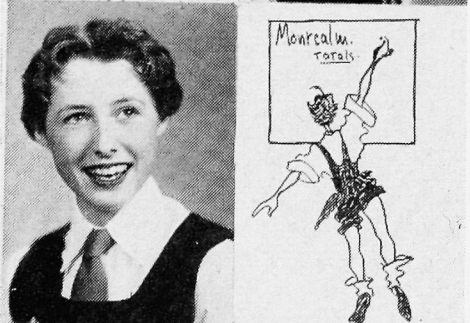
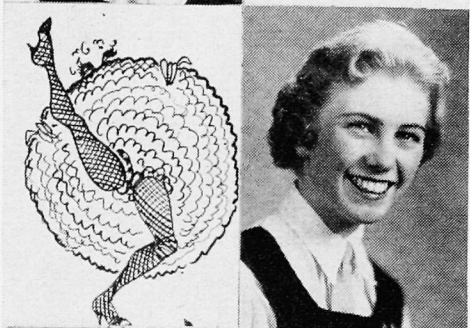
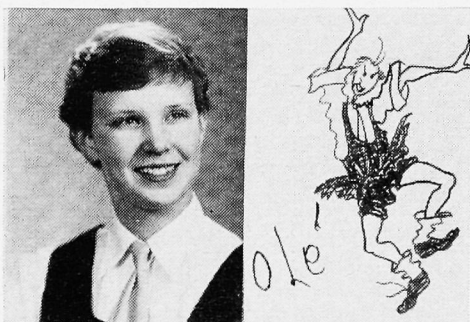
"What fools these mortals be!"

Favourite Expression:—"Excellent!"

Pastime:—Reading novels in class.

Prototype:—Bolweevil.

Activities:—Soccer, School; Basketball, School; Volleyball; Ski Team; Tennis; Current Events; Glee Club; Literature Club; Dramatics; Matric. Entertainment Committee; Bell Ringer, 1953-54; Form Captain, 1951, '54-'55; Sports Captain, 1949-53.



Resident Captains

DEIRDRE ALLAN—"Diddy"
Montreal, P.Q.

Montcalm
1950-55

"Laugh and the world laughs with you"

Pastime:—Hiding in cupboards.

Pet Aversion:—Red heads.

Prototype:—Angela Menace.

Activities:—Soccer, House; Basketball, House; Volleyball, House;
Badminton; Ballet; Current Events; Glee Club; Matric. Entertainment Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics.

NANCY PALMER—"Nan"
Donnacona, P.Q.

Rideau
1951-55

"Oh bed, bed, bed, delicious bed
That heaven on earth to the weary head"

Pet Aversion:—Taking reporting at 7.00 o'clock in the morning.

Pastime:—Playing golf.

Prototype:—Baby Ben.

Activities:—Soccer, House; Volleyball, House; Current Events; Glee Club; Matric. Entertainment Committee—Costumes.

Sports Captain

JILL WOODS—"Pug"
Ottawa, Ontario.

Rideau
1947-55

Those who give sunshine to the lives of others
cannot help having some themselves."

Ambition:—To own a dogs' beauty parlour.

Probable Destination:—Owning one that's the cat's meow.

Prototype:—Grundoon.

Activities:—Soccer, School; Basketball, School; Volleyball, House;
Tennis, House; Badminton; Current Events; Glee Club; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Representative, V A, VI B; Magazine Committee 1955; Form Captain 1947-49, '53-'54.

Form Captains

VICTORIA NESBITT—"Vicky"
Westmount, P.Q.

Rideau
1950-55

"For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do"

Favourite Pastime:—Trying to keep a straight face.

Pet Aversion:—Worms and frogs in dissecting class Friday p.m.

Prototype:—Deadly Angel.

Activities:—Soccer, School; Basketball, House; Volleyball, House;
Ski Team; Tennis, House; Badminton; Current Events; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Dramatics; Matric. Entertainment—Director; Magazine Editor; Form Captain 1954-55.

NANCY MILLEN—"Nance"
Montreal, P.Q.

Montcalm
1950-55

"Shall I work or shall I draw?"

Pastime:—Eating pabulum and cake mixes.

Pet Aversion:—Staff who don't give her six helpings of ice cream.

Prototype:—The Out-House Mouse.

Activities:—Soccer, School; Volleyball, House; Current Events; Glee Club; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Ballet.

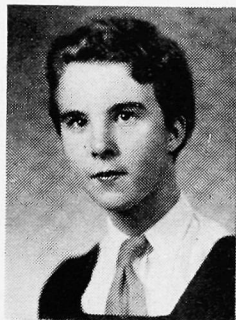
The news of Joanne Dick's accident during the Easter holidays cast a gloom over the whole school. It was with deep regret that we learned that she would be unable to return to school and complete her year as Head Girl. We are happy to be able to report that she is well on the way to complete recovery and is very much with us in spirit. The very best wishes of the school go to Joanne—we miss you.

Joanne's absence necessitated several changes in the Prefect Body. Wendy Johnston was appointed Head Girl; Ann Rawlings became Head of Rideau and Tony Mitchell was made Prefect on Rideau. This left a vacancy in the Science Matric. and Nancy Millen was elected Form Captain to replace Tony. All these girls are working hard in their new positions and are maintaining the high standards set by their predecessors.



d 1962

Matrics



CAROLYN CHADWICK—"Chad"
Old Lyme, Connecticut.

Montcalm
1951-55

"Eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die"

Favourite Expression:—"Thanks pal, I'll remember you in my will."

Pastime:—Reading gory war novels.

Prototype:—The Hollow Leg.

Activities:—Soccer, School; Basketball, House; Volleyball, House;
Current Events; Glee Club; Literature Club.



BARBARA COPE—"Copesy"
Hampstead, P.Q.

Macdonald
1953-55

"Genius is one percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration".

Favourite Expression:—"Don't worry; I'll grow"

Pet Aversion:—Staff who use more than two-syllable words.

Prototype:—A bug in a rug.

Activities:—Soccer, School; Basketball, School; Volleyball, House;
Current Events; Badminton; Glee Club; Literature Club; Dramatics.



DIANA DANIELS—"Dan"
Montreal, P.Q.

Rideau
1951-55

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men"

Favourite Expression:—"A-ha! The plot thickens!"

Pet Aversion:—People who know only one line of a song.

Prototype:—Matric. Problem Child.

Activities:—Soccer, House; Volleyball, House; Current Events; Glee Club; Literature Club; Ballet; Dramatics; Magazine Committee.



DAPHNE DAWE
Cupid's, Newfoundland.

Montcalm
1953-55

"The blush is beautiful, but sometimes inconvenient"

Ambition:—To get a Bachelor of Arts degree.

Probable Destination:—Getting married in second year.

Prototype:—Fearless Fosdick.

Activities:—Soccer, House; Volleyball, House; Current Events; Glee Club; Library Committee; Literature Club.



RAE MACCULLOCH
Bedford, Nova Scotia

Montcalm
1950-55

"Surely we are nearest heaven by the sea"

Ambition:—To have seven children.

Probable Destination:—Cheaper by the dozen!

Prototype:—Veronica Lake.

Activities:—Soccer, House; Volleyball, House; Badminton; Current Events; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee 1954-55.



JEAN MILLWARD—"Millie"
Kingston, Ontario.

Macdonald
1952-55

"Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased."

Ambition:—U.B.C., Vancouver.

Probable Destination:—U.B.C., Lennoxville.

Prototype:—Dennis the Menace.

Activities:—Soccer, House; Basketball, School; Volleyball, House;
Badminton; Current Events; Glee Club; Literature Club; Dramatics.

Matrics

MARY LOUISE MUELLER—"Mule"
Shawinigan Falls, P.Q.

Montcalm
1952-55

"Love is blind"—"Where are my glasses?"

Ambition:—Lab Technician.

Probable Destination:—Lab guinea pig.

Prototype:—Loony Binnist.

Activities:—Soccer, House; Basketball, House; Volleyball, House;
Current Events; Glee Club; Literature Club; Dramatics.



ANN RAMSAY
New York, N.Y.

Montcalm
1953-55

"Give me but one hour of Scotland."

Favourite Expression:—"Who's got the Matric mail?"

Pet Aversion:—Hydrogen.

Prototype:—Accordian Joe.

Activities:—Soccer, House; Volleyball, House; Current Events; Glee Club; Head Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Literary Editor.



HELEN TUCKER
Westmount, P.Q.

Rideau
1953-55

"Though this be madness, yet there is method in't."

Favourite Expression:—"Stop your miserable nausiatin' trottin' around'."

Pet Aversion:—The rising bell.

Prototype:—Friar Tuck.

Activities:—Soccer, School; Volleyball, House; Badminton; Tennis, House; Current Events; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Dramatics; Magazine Committee; Sports Captain, 1954.



MARGOT WATIER
Shawinigan Falls, P.Q.

Macdonald
1952-55

"Science is organized knowledge"

Favourite Expression:—"Golly!"

Pet Aversion:—Room-mates who lock her out at 10.30 at night.

Prototype:—Mad Scientist.

Activities:—Soccer, House; Basketball, House; Volleyball, House; Current Events; Literature Club; Dramatics; Matric. Entertainment Committee—Costumes; Magazine Committee.



LINDA WILSON
Westmount, P.Q.

Montcalm
1952-55

"History is only a confused heap of facts."

Favourite Expression:—"Yes, I was thinking that too."

Pastime:—Crossing dates off the calendar.

Prototype:—A Koala Bear.

Activities:—Soccer, House; Volleyball House; Basketball, House; Current Events; Glee Club.



In St. James' Church, which is so much a part of the life at King's Hall, a window was dedicated "To the Glory of God and in memory of Suzanne MacPherson of St. John's Newfoundland 1938-1953. A pupil of King's Hall."

The beautiful stained glass window, given by

Mr. and Mrs. MacPherson, portrays the beloved scene of Christ, as a child, among the scribes in the temple. Each Sunday as we enter the church, the sun shining through the lovely colours of the window, will long keep bright the memory of one so closely associated with us here.

Matric Form Report

CHEAPER BY THE TWO DOZEN

"Hell is empty, all the devils are here."

Favourite Expression:—Want to hear something funny?

Ambition:—Matrics. of '55.

Probable Destination:—Matrics. of '56.

Pet Aversion:—Racing the clock.

Prototype:—St. Trinian's.

Activities:—Matric. Entertainment, Glee Club, Current Events, Soccer, Skiing, Basketball, Badminton, Tennis.

This Form report is written with apologies to Miss Gillard's vocabulary which she has **tried** to convey to us.

At least we tried!

Miss Morris—does her best to teach us **protocol** (rules of etiquette for the diplomatic corps.)

Miss Wallace—our own originator of the terse verse.

Diddy Allan—the **egregious** (absurd behavior) of this one earns her the nick-name, "Angela the Menace".

Carol Chadwick—**Philosopher** (one who keeps calm and courageous in misfortune)—as a matter of fact, this doesn't apply to Carol at all!

Barbara Cope—what would she do without her dictionaries to **elucidate** (throw light upon) her notes?

Sue Cuthbertson—the **Banshee's** wail portends ominous warnings to those who take her bath.

Di Daniels—**Ingenious** (clever at contriving) practical jokes, which are accompanied by an evil chuckle.

Daphne Dawe—Newfiephile (lover of Newfoundland from Cupid's Bay.) Incidentally, this word is derived (?) from **Anglophile**.

Jo Dick—**Philanthropist** (lover of mankind) and the feeling of "Ourkind" is mutual.

Wendy Johnston—Johnst's **indomitable** spirit has made her top dog.

Rae MacCulloch—We all enjoy her **gratuitous** (free of charge) concerts on Sunday afternoons and other illegal times!

Nancy Millen—If it wasn't for ice-cream, Nancy would be **annihilated** (reduced to nothing)

Jean Millward—To use a **cliché**,

"In school quiet and demure,
But outside we're not quite sure!"

Tonia Mitchell—Approaching **blemish**—her new glasses!

Mary Louise Meuller—She is **obdurate** (stubborn) about being called "Mule".

Vicky Nesbitt—**expedited** (assisted the progress of) the Matric Entertainment in her role of director.

B. J. Newell—She is **gregarious** (fond of company)—especially in the "Moulin"

Nancy Palmer—**Philanthropist** (Benefits mankind by using wealth). Thanks to her, our Piggy Prefects have been well fed all year.

Ann Ramsay—Ann is **implacable** (unable to be appeased or satisfied) when it comes to practising her accordian. For verification ask Miss Morris!

Ann Rawlings—Anne is **indicted** (accused in a court of law) by Vicky for continually leaving her desk a mess.

Di Smith—her **histrionic** (pertaining to the theatre) talent will probably be used singing commercials for the C.B.C. next year.

Judy St. George—she is always being **reprimanded** by B.J. for forgetting to remind her not to forget.

Helen Tucker—she is **importunate** (troublesomely urgent) in getting Judy to help her with the form report.

Margo Watier—**Philatelist** (lover of stamps)—donations gratefully received at 1650 George St., Shawinigan Falls, P.Q.

Linda Wilson—plays the Happy Wanderer in her class **perigrinations** (wanderings).

Jill Woods—**Malevolent** to work in all respects.

HELEN TUCKER AND JUDY ST. GEORGE

Matric Cartoons by NANCY MILLEN.

School Calendar

School re-opened.....	Sept. 14
Junior Red Cross Speaker.....	Sept. 22
Thanksgiving Week-end.....	Oct. 9-11
Tea Dance at Bishop's.....	Oct. 11
Horse Show in Sherbrooke.....	Oct. 16
Soccer Game with Old Girls.....	Oct. 17
Readings—Mrs. McKellar.....	Oct. 17
Matric Entertainment.....	Oct. 23
Opening of New Form room.....	Oct. 27
Prefects Appointed.....	Oct. 28
Hallowe'en Party.....	Oct. 30
Soccer Game with Bishop's.....	Nov. 3
Soccer Game—Stanstead—K.H.C.....	Nov. 6
Tea Dance at Bishop's.....	Nov. 6
Soccer Game—B.C.S. Prep.....	Nov. 8
Soccer Game at Stanstead.....	Nov. 11
The Formal.....	Nov. 13
Soccer Game—Bishop's First Football Team.....	Nov. 12
B.C.S. Play "Middlewatch".....	Dec. 2
Miss Gillard's Birthday Party.....	Dec. 5
Christmas Exams.....	Dec. 4-11
Junior Nativity Play and Carol Service...	Dec. 12
Christmas Holiday.....	Dec. 16—Jan. 11
Public Speaking—Prep Hall.....	Jan. 30
Semi-Final Public Speaking Contest in Sherbrooke.....	Feb. 4
"Macbeth" at U.B.C.....	Feb. 18
V A Operetta.....	Mar. 6
Recital—Joan Glithero.....	Mar. 15
Easter Exams.....	March 17-26
Swimming Meet.....	Mar. 23
Easter Holidays.....	March 29—April 13
Recital—Miss Shalir.....	April 17
Talk on Nursing.....	April 20
Basketball Game at Stanstead.....	April 20
Dress Rehearsal of "Michael".....	April 22
"Michael" Drama Festival Sherbrooke..	April 23
Concert by Miss Macdonald.....	May 1
Entertainment by the "Davies of Canada".....	May 2
Basketball Match with Stanstead at K.H.C.....	May 5
Choir in "R.S.C.M." Festival Evensong St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke.....	May 7
"La Malade Imaginaire" at Sherbrooke University.....	May 12
Confirmation.....	May 14
VI A Play "Grand Cham's Diamond"...	May 19
Closing Church Service.....	June 5
Closing.....	June 6

MISS GILLARD'S BIRTHDAY

As the evening of December 5th approached, excitement and pleasure showed on all faces, for this was the night of Miss Gillard's birthday supper—one day after the real birthday. Miss Gillard's birthday is always a very special occasion, but when we are also celebrating her twenty-fifth anniversary at King's Hall the occasion is even more than "very special".

The party took place around the swimming pool, the walls of which were decorated with the "Moulin Rouge" posters so effective at the Formal. The soft glow of candles and coloured lights was reflected in the pool, whose edges were lined with plants and flowers, while music filled the air. The drab room was transformed into a blend of Paris Café and lake-shore garden.

The Staff sat on either side of Miss Gillard at the head table, looking down the pool, while some girls found seats at the tables along the sides. The majority, however, were accommodated on the floor. No matter where one sat the jovial spirits and the excellent food were the same. A hush fell over us all as a magnificent cake was brought in. We had all seen the cake the night before, but none of us had believed that we were the lucky people destined to share it. As Miss Gillard made the first cut the silence was broken only by the repeated clicking of cameras, but in a moment "Happy Birthday to You" rang out, followed by an ovation it would be hard to equal.

Although the actual festivities were soon over, the memory of them will remain stamped in each mind indelibly.

TERRY ABBOTT, VI A

—o—

TO MRS. AITKEN

Each winter afternoon, if you should bide
A while beside the rink, you'd surely see
The skaters, gaily singing, skim and glide,
To waltzes, marches, swingy melodies!
On Sunday evenings, and at rest hour too,
The music sets a restful, quiet mood;
A "Thank you" for those lovely afternoons,
And Christmas records, and the Christmas tree.
A "Thank you" too for parties—beside the pool
By glowing candlelight, and in the garden—
A "Thank you" for all this, from us who say
"To you we raise a cheer, dear Mrs. Aitken!"

MUSIC

In the second term we were lucky enough to have Joan Glithero come and play for us. Joan is very near our own age and plays the way we all have dreamed of doing. On the afternoon of her arrival she highly entertained us with popular music, and in the evening put on a marvellous performance. In the short time that she was here Joan won the hearts of the whole school and we all wish her back again very soon. Thank you ever so much for coming, Joan!

Just after the Easter Exams. several of the girls put on a piano recital for us. Because of the exams. the girls had had little time to practise, but in spite of this, their performance was of a very high standard and immensely enjoyed by all. Thank you very much and may you all turn into prominent pianists!

On April 17th we had the great pleasure and honour of hearing a piano recital by Miss Shulamith Shafir. Her selections were chosen from Beethoven, Scarlatti, Chopin, Debussy and Schubert. We deeply appreciate Miss Shafir's expressive playing as it made the pieces selected mean so much more to us. We hope for another visit soon.

This term our own Miss Anna Macdonald again gave us one of her outstanding piano recitals. Her selection of music was varied and most enjoyable. We can well imagine how much time and thought it must have taken to prepare such a programme. The atmosphere created by her music was added to by the beautiful nineteenth century gown that she wore. There are very few concerts we have enjoyed so much. We salute you, Miss Macdonald, for a brilliant performance!

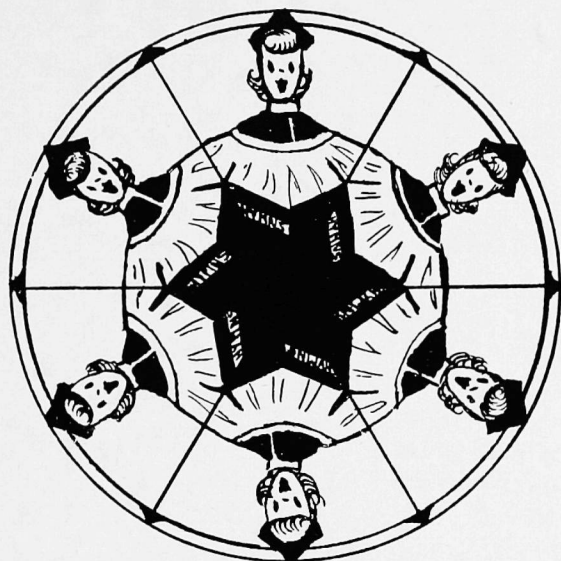
ANN RAWLINGS, Matric.

—o—

CHOIR AND GLEE CLUB

During the course of the past year the musical talents of King's Hall have been under the able supervision of Miss Macdonald, our choir mistress, and Miss Hewson, our Glee Club director.

For the Christmas concert season the choir had prepared special anthems for us, and we also enjoyed French and English carols sung by the Forms and the Staff.



In the second term the Matric. Glee Club sang "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon" for us and the VI A Glee Club rendered selections from the "Nutmcracker Suite".

The King's Hall church choir has been invited to sing at a Festival Evensong on May 7th, at St. Peter's Church in Sherbrooke. They will sing a three-part unaccompanied anthem and will also sing selections with the combined choirs.

All of us sincerely thank Miss Macdonald and Miss Hewson for their enthusiastic direction of our musical endeavours.

SUSANNE SCHNEIDER, VI A

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DRAMATICS

The school year of 1954-55 provided us with several delightful and entertaining plays and operettas. A great interest in dramatics was shown by everyone and the results were really wonderful!

In the first term the Juniors gave a beautiful interpretation of the Nativity story. Their portrayal of the characters was convincing and thoroughly enjoyable. The singing especially delighted the audience, the lovely carols creating an atmosphere full of the Christmas spirit. We are greatly indebted to Miss Hewson for her untiring work in making this play such a success. We are also most grateful to Miss Macdonald for stepping in at the last moment to accompany the singers, Miss Hewson being unfortunately ill the night of the performance. This is one version of the Nativity Story that I am sure will remain vividly in our minds for a long time to come.

On the night of March 7 a delightful "Evening with Tchaikowsky" was presented. First of all the

VI A Glee Club sang three songs from the "Nutmcracker Suite". Then the VA's put on a most artistic and whimsical operetta, "The Puppet Show". The story was about several puppets who were competing for the position of Queen of the Puppets. Beneath the light-hearted atmosphere of song and dance, however, there lay a deeper meaning. The clever portrayal of the various characters gave the audience glimpses of little foibles and traits of human nature. We wish to congratulate all the VA's who took part in this excellent performance. Again our thanks are due to Miss Hewson for her charming and artistic production.

On April 22 we were movingly entertained by the VI A presentation of "Michael". This was an adaptation of the Tolstoy play "What Men Live By." This title, perhaps, gives one a clearer idea of the theme of the play. Nothing but the highest praise can be given to the characters—Saundray Bogert, as the shoe-maker's wife, "Eve Smith, as the shoemaker," and Eve Hargraft as Michael. Excellent performances were also given by Luciana Wagner, Shirley Eakin, and Jill Pacaud, with the support of three juniors, Marcia Pacaud, Virginia Echols, and Michele Robertson. We all wish to thank Miss MacLennan for directing the play, Miss Dumont for the costumes, and Susan Ward for stage assistance. "Michael" entered the Sherbrooke Drama Festival on April 23, and although it did not win, we are sure the audience there enjoyed it as much as we did.

As this is going to press, another VI A play, "The Grand Cham's Diamond", is being rehearsed, as are a play by V A and three French plays by the juniors. We are all looking forward to seeing these performances in a few weeks as an interesting end to the year's dramatics.

BARBARA KERR, VI A

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LIBRARY REPORT

To all of you who groan when asked to bring in **all** overdue Library books, a thank you for returning them (even if under the threat of a fine)! Next year, however, I hope that you will be a little more prompt, even though we did collect a number of fines which will be used to buy new books.

My thanks to the Library Committee for sticky fingers and gluey hands endured during those "mending bees", and also for checking your shelves all year. To next year's Committee Head I wish the best of luck, and hope that you enjoy your work as much as I have done.

ANN RAMSAY, Matric.

A TALE OF TWO SKOOLS

"A Tale of Two Skools"! What hidden mysteries lurked behind this so seemingly innocent title? For weeks we had waited with wonder and eager anticipation for the Matric. Entertainment, and now we were about to see it!

The curtain rose. The scene was a railway station where students of "Harold's Happy Hall" and "Isabella's Inky Institution" were bidding their last farewells to their parents before they returned to school. Many amusing quips and a delightful song, "Make A Wish", gave us an idea of the enjoyment to follow.

Next we were taken joyfully through the "Seven Ages of Woman" an exceptionally clever parody of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man". The contrast in the two gym. classes with the muscular girls' teacher and the timid boys' teacher made for a great deal of hilarity. Weird music and excellent lighting created the perfect atmosphere for the beautiful Incan Ballet. We laughed until our sides ached at the midnight feast in "Horatio's Hide-away". We were thrilled and amused by the J. Arthur Prank murder movie, "The Viper", which the schools attended. The tap-dancing in "Singing In The Rain" was extremely clever and was very artistically executed by gay dancers in colourful slickers. The tea dance attended by the two schools was cleverly burlesqued and we laughed uproariously at the more or less factual glimpses of ourselves preparing for the dance, and later at it.

At the end of this scene, Miss Gillard was presented with a bottle of champagne in honour of her 25th anniversary at King's Hall. The strains of "Thanks For The Memory" floated to us and we soared along with the music as it rose and fell until the very end, when the air was shattered by the thunderous ovation from the audience.

On the whole, this year's Matric. Entertainment was humorous, finished, and extremely clever and original. Under Vicky Nesbitt's skilful hand every little detail was carefully thought out and polished before we were allowed the privilege of seeing it. Each scene was skilfully woven into the pattern of school life by short skits in front of the curtain, which allowed time for the scenery changes. These made the whole entertainment move quickly and never lag for a second. The costumes were extremely realistic and attractive.

We all wish to thank the Matrics. very much for the great effort and work they put into the even-

ing of October twenty-third, an evening which we shall remember with pleasure for a long time to come.

BARBARA KERR, VI A

—o—

SOCIAL EVENTS AT KING'S HALL

The first term was a very busy one for us. The soccer games that we played against the B.C.S. football and Prep. teams and against Stanstead were thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, while the refreshments afterwards were looked forward to by the hungry teams; visits are always pleasant, aren't they?

A few weeks after the Matric. Entertainment everyone approached the gym. with a mingled feeling of curiosity and excitement. With a loud shriek a ghost shuffled by followed closely by a haggard old witch dressed in black rags. What else could this be but Hallowe'en!

With a quick "Sh" the parade began. Cheers and laughter greeted the Staff as they parodied "Harold's Happy Hall" and "Isabella's Inky Institution". The Matrics. drew praise as they did the Bunny-Hop around the gym. dressed as rabbits with powder-puff tails. Next, shrieking and moaning and carrying flaming torches above their heads came the VI A's as the Klu Klux Klan. Rounds of applause greeted the VI B's as they marched around and we recognized our favourite comic-strip characters. The VA's were cleverly costumed as circus performers and we watched with amusement and appreciation the bareback riders, clowns and various other entertainers. The VB's in the attic portrayed themselves amusingly but, we fear, all too realistically as they prepared for bed. Especially outstanding among the Juniors were the nurse and her charges and the French Poodle. All in all the costumes were clever and surprisingly original. Miss Ainslie very kindly showed us some steps of a Scottish folk-dance. After a few more dances a group of very tired girls made their way reluctantly up to bed after a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

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Once again the annual social affair, the Compton "Formal" was awaited with great expectancy until November 14th. What was it going to be this year? Many suitable subjects for decorations had already been successfully used in previous years but ideas seem to be getting better as the years go on. This year the VI A's decorated the gym., representing the well known Parisian night club "Moulin Rouge" immortalized by Toulouse Lautrec. With the much

needed advice and help of our art teacher, Miss Wood, the decorations turned out very well. Several of Lautrec's better known posters were copied and placed around the gym. walls. The vivacious Can-Can chorus line which is one of the Moulin Rouge's main features was not forgotten. A very large mural was drawn showing the bar along with several of Lautrec's better known characters. The usual streamers and balloons once again graced the gym. in profusion. With all this was the wonderful orchestra and Mr. Burt's excellent refreshments. I'm sure everyone enjoyed the Formal tremendously.

~

For the past several years during the winter term the Compton girls have tried their hand at knitting and sewing for the Red Cross. The Red Cross supper was held on March 27. Thanks to Mrs. Aitken and Mr. Burt it could have passed for a banquet. Supper was served on three long candle-lit tables in the dining room, with chicken salad and ice cream for everyone. You can imagine that the cheers for Mrs. Aitken and Mr. Burt were deafening.

After supper we gathered in the lounge with the Staff. Starting with the juniors each class presented its contributions to Miss Gillard. I think that there was a wider variety of better finished articles than ever before. The Staff too produced a wonderful pile of children's clothes. Soon the big white box with the red cross on it was filled to the top.

When everything was put on display we all had to agree, with a certain amount of pride, that this year's Red Cross drive at Compton was a great success.

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Christmas time at King's Hall is one of the best-loved periods in the school year. Exam. worries are over and the holidays are excitingly near. The school takes on a festive air as the big scented fir tree goes up in its corner and the lounge is hung with green branches and red bows.

Christmas time wouldn't be complete without the tale of Scrooge and Tiny Tim. On the last few evenings the lounge was filled with girls wrapped snugly in blankets as Miss Gillard read the beloved "Christmas Carol" once again.

On the evening of the last Sunday the entire school gathered in the Prep. Hall. To begin with, the juniors presented a nativity play, "The Heart of Christmas". The next part of the programme was the carol singing. Each class had prepared a

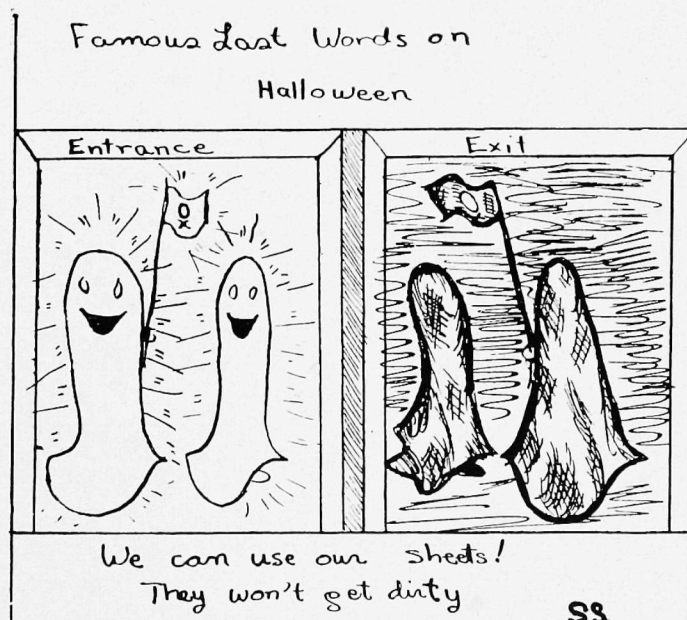
French carol and then the choir and Staff both sang Christmas anthems. The time the groups had spent in preparing their carols was certainly worth while, for every carol sounded beautiful, even if the French pronunciation was not quite perfect! The Choir, holding lighted candles and singing "Silent Night", lined the glass passage as we passed through on our way to the lounge.

There we watched a short skit put on by the Matrics. with all the traditional Christmas characters—Scrooge, elves, reindeer and of course Santa Claus. He burst from the fireplace covered with soot, but the soot did not dampen his spirit. Between bellows of laughter he found in his enormous bag a present, accompanied by very clever verses, for each of the Staff, and a very special present at the bottom for a very special person—Miss Gillard. It was a Mikado breakfast set.

As the evening drew to a close the school joined in the old familiar carols as Miss Macdonald played them. The evening ended much too quickly but Christmas does come once a year.

JANE DOUGLAS LANE
SANDRA STEWART
BARBARA KERR
RAE MACCULLOCH

—o—



CLUBS

This year we have been fortunate in having Current Events in two groups. Since we have not much time to read the papers, the Current Events Clubs have kept us up to date on all the news. On Friday evenings Miss Morris discussed with the Matrics. and VI A's, not only world headlines, but also lighter, humorous incidents. Miss Gibb on Thursday evenings kept the VI B's and VA's informed about the weekly happenings, with an occasional debate or news quiz. I am sure that all who attended have thoroughly enjoyed those evenings and we wish to thank Miss Morris and Miss Gibb very much for giving up their spare time to us throughout the year.

A Literature Club was organized again this year for the VI A's under the direction of Miss MacLennan. On Thursday evenings we listened to recordings of poetry and of some Shakespeare plays, including *MACBETH*, *THE TEMPEST*, AND *ROMEO AND JULIET*. The *ROMEO AND JULIET* records were the gift of an old girl, Katherine Patterson, Mrs. Chafe.

BARBARA OLIPHANT, VI A

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

This year as usual all the Forms in the school from IV B to VI B had weekly classes in cooking and sewing, though the cooking was stressed more in the first two terms than in the last. Many delectable dishes appeared on dinner and supper tables as the Forms sampled their products. The various garments will be on display at the closing.

Three girls from VI B entered the special three-year Household Science Course which one Matric. is now completing. These special students made a wide variety of clothes, from children's jumpers to dresses for themselves. They also learned to cook meats and vegetables, to bake, to can, and to preserve. The Matric. student had, in addition, a course in weaving.

The cooking course is not confined to the kitchen, but includes the art of entertaining. The three VI B specialists prepared and served a very nice dinner for Miss Gillard and several guests, while Nancy Palmer, the Matric. specialist, gave a formal dinner to Miss Gillard, Mlle. Dumont, and guests. Nancy was assisted by several members of the Matric. Form.

Last year Mlle. Dumont arranged a most impressive display of needlework and weaving, and we are looking forward to an equally interesting one this year. The Household Science students wish to thank her for all the "extras", and especially for those little "knacks" that make sewing and cooking not mere skills but genuine arts. The whole school joins the Household Science group in wishing Mlle. Dumont much happiness in the future. We shall miss her, but perhaps some of us may be able to call on her in her own home in Quebec.

—o—

ART REPORT

There was much variety in our art classes this year. In the first term we concentrated on drawing Christmas cards, and on making decorations for Hallowe'en and the Formal. The theme for the Formal was *Moulin Rouge*, made famous by Toulouse Lautrec's paintings. The posters were later used to decorate the swimming pool for Miss Gillard's birthday party.

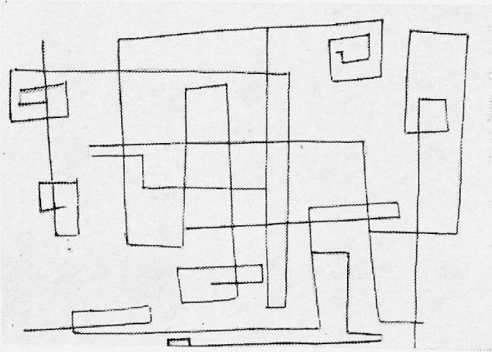
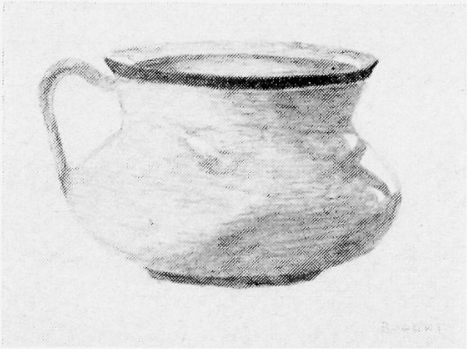
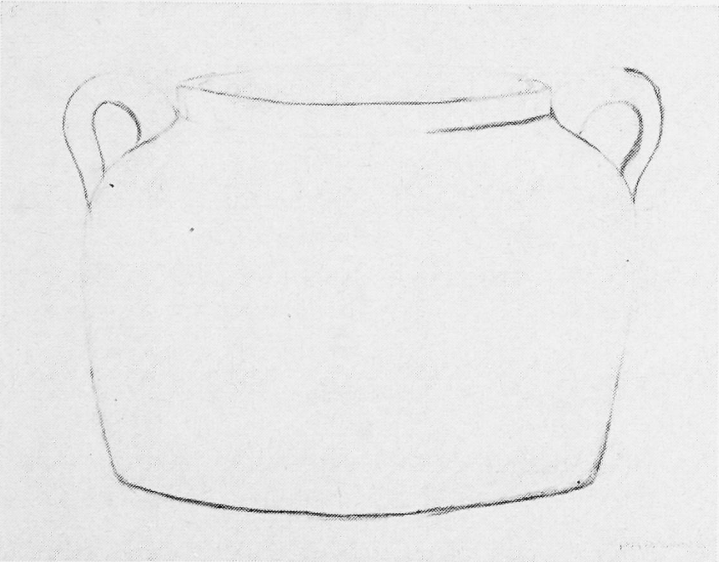
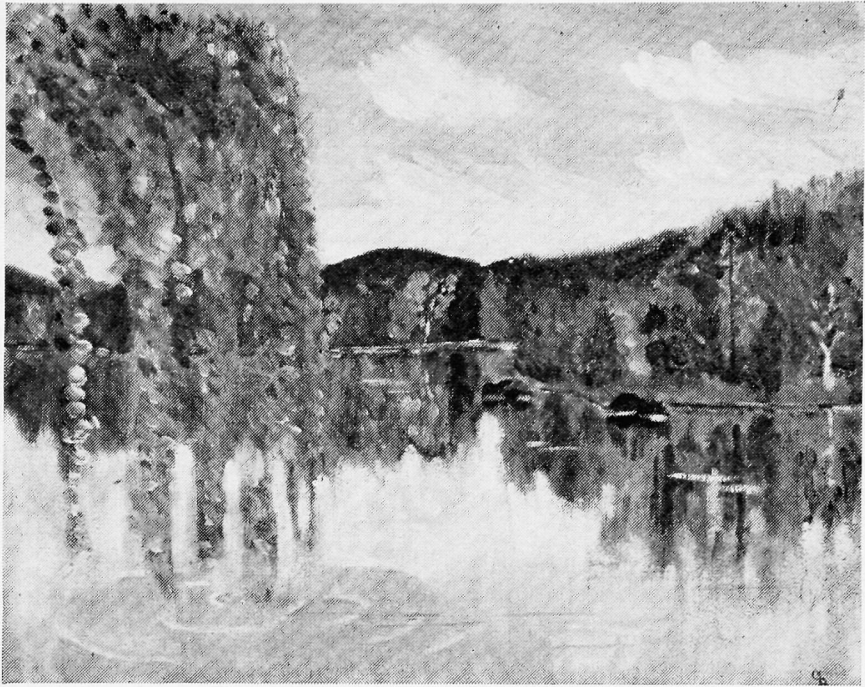
During the second term, while the Senior Special Art practised charcoal and water colours, the Juniors did oil paintings. In the regular art classes the VB's, VA's, and VI B's did their handicraft work, making stuffed leather animals—kittens, dogs, and horses.

I am sure the whole school wishes to thank Miss Wood for the many hours she spent helping us.

MIKA IGNATIEFF, VI A

ART REPRODUCTIONS:

Upper left—GAEL EAKIN
 Upper right—GILLIAN BASTIAN
 Centre left—PENNY PARSONS
 Centre upper right—SANDRA BOGERT
 Centre lower right—DIANA MACDOUGALL
 Lower left—FRANCIS HAILEY
 Lower right—ELIZABETH PRICE



SOCIAL EVENTS OUTSIDE KING'S HALL

Last weekend I was allowed home for the purpose of getting my bands adjusted. Saturday morning, while waiting for the taxi to take me to that unpleasant destination, I came across a box filled to the top with the letters I had written to my parents during the year. Having nothing better to do, I started reading, and this is what I found concerning our social life outside of K.H.C. Any reference to persons living or dead is purely coincidental!

October 11th '54—We assembled in the lounge. Miss Gillard gave us her farewell of "good-luck", and when we had all piled into the traditional buses—we were off!

Bishop's at last! We took off our coats, fixed our hair, and then sallied forth to meet our fate. The dance started off with a standstill, clumps of boys on one side and a huge gathering of girls on the other. Finally, however, through the frantic efforts of the prefects, the dancing began. Halfway through we had the supper dance and all went roaring downstairs for refreshments. Diets were forgotten quickly as we gazed at the array of cakes, cookies, sandwiches, and other such delicacies before us. After that the dance progressed in high style. Just as everyone was having "a simply marvellous time", the last dance was called. Slowly we piled back into the buses, waved good-bye sadly, and burst into a torrent of chatter, "Do you know what he said to me?"—"Isn't he the most!" "He's divine" So ended a perfect day for everyone.

October 1st—Were asked if we would like to go to the Sherbrooke Horse Show. Naturally the answer was emphatically, "Yes!" We dashed into our navy blues, and in no time were bounding over the hills to Sherbrooke! On arriving we settled down to watch. Oh what a joy it was to see real horses being ridden again instead of the one in the gym! All in all we had a most enjoyable time watching the excellent riding and expert handling of the horses. Unfortunately, as all good things must, this also had to come to an end.

November 6th—This morning Miss Gillard announced, much to our surprise, that there would be a tea dance in the afternoon. It was held at Bishop's to celebrate the first hockey game played in their new indoor rink. It was just as successful as the first, but seemed to fly away twice as quickly. We would all like to thank Miss Keyzer and Miss Gibb very much for escorting us to these wonderful dances.

December 2nd—Tonight we all went to Bishop's production, "The Middle Watch". It was one of

the most humorous, well-staged plays we have ever seen. The costumes and acting were professional, even when it came to having two boys playing girls' parts! We were in stitches the whole evening and really loved the entertaining night.

February 18th—After Prep we changed and rushed over to U.B.C. in our buses. Bishop's university was putting on *MACBETH*. We entered their large gym, settled down, and the curtain rose. From then on it was one exciting adventure into the world of Shakespeare. The stage settings, scenery, and costumes were exquisite, and the acting gave us a clearer understanding and enjoyment of the play. Everyone is still trying to puzzle out where and how, Banquo's ghost disappeared!

Our thanks go to U.B.C. and B.C.S. for entertaining us at these plays and parties we so much enjoyed!

GAEL EAKIN

P. PARSONS, VI A

—o—

VISITING SPEAKERS

At King's Hall this year we were very fortunate in having Mrs. Carrington come to speak to us on the many experiences connected with her visit to the Anglican Congress held in Minneapolis and to the World Council of Churches held in Evanston.

Mrs. Carrington told us many of the stories that she had heard at the Conference from delegates who came from every corner of the world. After her talk we were permitted to ask questions, which she very kindly answered, giving us much interesting information.

Late in the fall Miss C. L. Howe, representing the Canadian Red Cross, came to speak to us on the achievements of the Red Cross during the past year. We were thrilled to hear of the many projects undertaken by Canadian boys and girls who are giving up their free time to help others.

In the last term Miss Norris from the Sherbrooke Hospital very kindly came to tell us about different aspects of nursing. She gave us a far clearer idea of the duties, the studies and the satisfaction of the nursing profession. Her talk helped many who were considering nursing as a career.

On behalf of King's Hall, I should like to thank Mrs. Carrington, Miss C. L. Howe, and Miss Norris for their interesting visits which have helped to make 1955 a very memorable year for us.

HARRIET SCHNEIDER, VI B

PUBLIC SPEAKING

Again this year the McGill Alumnae Association sponsored a public speaking contest for high school girls of Quebec Province. Semi-finals were held in eleven different districts, the winners of these speaking at the finals in Montreal on March 8th. Judy Macdonald, VI A., brought honour to King's Hall by winning the semi-final in Sherbrooke and therefore representing the St. Francis district in the finals. Although she did not win those, we are all very proud of her, and know that she was a credit to the school. We publish her speech below.

—o—

GHOSTS IN LITERATURE

I shall begin by asking you, "What is a ghost?" Well, it is an abstract thing that walks in the likeness of some human being after his mortal death. Ghosts have been a topic for fiction of every kind ever since the imagination of man provoked him to write down his thoughts and fancies. The average unimaginative person might think that too much was demanded of his credulity to be asked to accept a ghost as a character in a play or story. But these people are mistaken; they remain too down to earth and do not accept what so easily might be theirs — a land of delightful fantasy. Ghosts hold a fascination for people of all ages, from those who enjoy the ghosts of Shakespeare to the children who look forward to "Caspar the Ghost" in the daily newspapers.

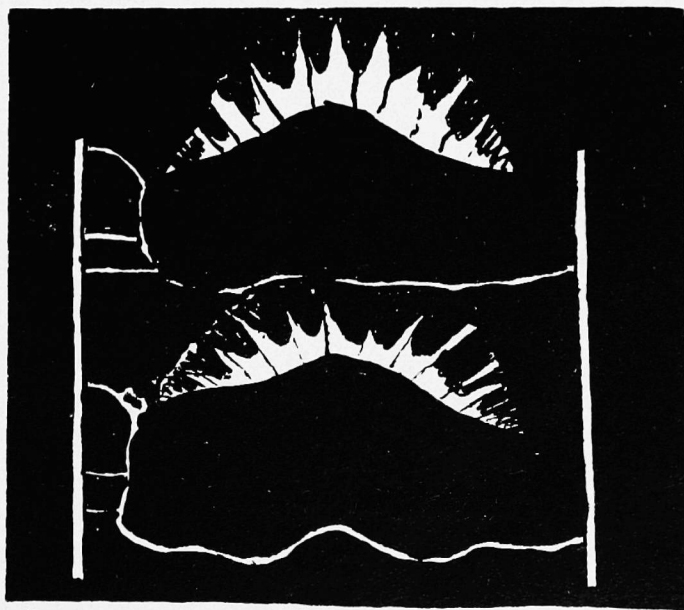
The best known and loved author of the Elizabethan era was Shakespeare. He was extremely fond of putting supernatural beings into his plays. Hamlet's father is one of the most intriguing of Shakespeare's ghosts, and makes a startlingly dramatic entrance. He has communication only with his son, the one person who believes he has been murdered. This ghost describes in graphic terms the torments he is doomed to suffer until his "most foul murder" has been avenged. The avenging of this murder is the pivot on which the play rotates. This suspenseful story is not made the more unbelievable by the presence of a ghost, but very much to the contrary. Shakespeare uses his ghosts to intensify the dramatic effect. Who has seen a Shakespeare ghost enter upon the stage and has not felt the excitement of that dramatic moment magnify? When Macbeth is about to sit down at the dinner table among his friends he hesitates, becomes confused, for there in his *very* chair is the ghost of Banquo whom he has just murdered.

Now I should like to pass to a lighter side of literature, to Dickens' beloved *Christmas Carol*. At the first glance we see that the ghost of Jacob Marley remains true to tradition. We see him . . . white robed, transparently white-skinned, and dragging many leagues of chains. Marley can, in the well-known and accepted fashion, pass through doors and windows with little effort. But Marley is more than an illuminated figure; he is a warm-hearted and loyal friend to his old companion Scrooge. He does not want to see Scrooge utterly destroyed, but rather wants to set him on the right path again. If it had not been for the goodness of Jacob Marley I think that Scrooge would still be living his miserly, pent-up life.

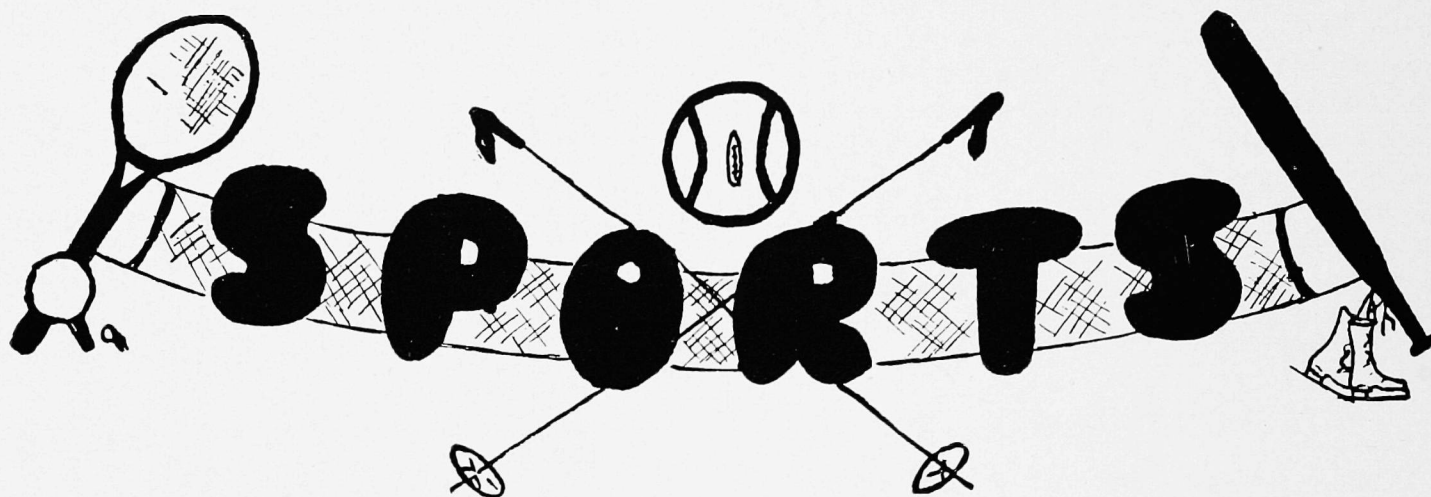
It is not only previous ages that have given us fascinating ghosts, but modern literature has also contributed to our repertoire of ghosts. Alfred Noyse gives us the picturesque Highwayman who frequently returns, after his brutal killing, to the locked and barred inn door. "Over the ribbon of moonlight" he still comes riding with the same vehemence that stood by him in all his other nocturnal escapades.

In past days ghosts belonged to the realm of probability, but to-day to the realm of imagination — and yet, who knows? Even in this age of facts and proofs You, or You, or You might harbour deep in your hearts a few doubts. If you deny this may I ask you, if a translucent, unco-ordinated figure came stumbling and gasping toward you, which of you would be the first to cry out?

JUDY MACDONALD, VI A



R.H. HAVE YOU READ DÉSIREE?



SPORTS CAPTAIN'S REPORT

The most important factor in the success of any athletic activity is, perhaps, good sportsmanship. The good sportsmanship shown by the girls in the soccer, basketball and various House competitions has made this year's events, regardless of whether they were between Houses or against a visiting team, equally hard fought and exciting for the players as well as the spectators.

During the Christmas term the soccer fields were continually in use. We had a new drainage system under the old field and most of the games were played in good field conditions. The school soccer team had a very successful season. When the weather changed and it was no longer good for soccer, we had House games in the gym and the House spirit was tremendous.

After Christmas we returned to find the skiing better than it had been for many years, and arrangements had been made for us to make the most of it. Busses at the Compton door became a familiar sight as they waited to take a group to Hillcrest Lodge for an afternoon of instruction and practice in skiing. Our grateful thanks go to Miss Morris, Miss Keyzer, and Miss Defries who gave up so much of their time to accompany us. At the end of the term volleyball, basketball, and the badminton tournaments were the chief interests, and on the last week-end an inter-House swimming meet was held, which proved very successful.

People were making use of the four new tennis courts from the first day the June term began, and the tennis, along with baseball, swimming and badminton will be the main sporting activities of this term; however, contrary to our usual custom, we have continued basketball into the June term, and the basketball team has played one very hard-fought game at Stanstead. Another is to be played and we wish the team the best of luck.

All in all it has been a very successful year. On behalf of all the girls I should like to thank Miss Keyzer, Mr. Roberts and Miss Ainsley for giving so much of their time and patience to helping us. For myself I would like to thank all of you for your tremendous support and enthusiasm throughout the year.

JILL WOODS

—o—

SWIMMING

The swimming pool was as popular this year as it has always been in the past, many girls using it not only for recreation but seriously to improve their style and skill. A swimming meet was held at the end of the second term, and nearly every girl took part in the many relay races or diving contests. The meet was a great success, and though all the Houses did well, Rideau gained the highest score.

HEATHER MORRIS, VI B

**SENIOR SOCCER TEAM**

Front Row: Jill Woods
 Second Row: S. Cuthbertson, B. Cope
 Third Row: C. Chadwick, A. Mitchell, J. Pacaud, V. Nesbitt
 Fourth Row: S. Eakin, B. J. Newell, A. Rawlings, H. Tucker

**JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM**

Front Row: F. Harley, H. Schneider, A. Iddon
 Second Row: C. Ogilvy, S. Huycke, L. Murray, J. Millar
 Third Row: L. Weir, L. Grier, A. Holton
 Fourth Row: E. Smith, M. Jamieson, W. Johnston, E. Hargraft

SOCCER

The soccer season was especially good this year because the new field to the north of the school enabled twice the number of girls to play each afternoon. In addition to the inter-Form and inter-House games five matches were played with outside teams. One of the most exciting of these was on October 17, against the Old Girls. Our teams played twice against Bishop's—on November 3, against the Bishop's soccer crease, and on November 13, against their first football team. Although this game was an epilogue to the "Formal" it was hotly contested, with keen playing on both sides. The annual and always enjoyable games with Stanstead were again well played on both sides. These took place on November 4 and 11. It was not until the snow buried the field that the soccer enthusiasts turned their attention to skiing, skating, and volleyball.

SKIING AND SKATING

The weatherman was extremely generous this year, giving us excellent conditions for both skiing and skating. Each Form made numerous trips to Hillcrest, where we had skiing lessons. All benefited greatly from this instruction and enjoyed the excursions very much, even to the hot dogs and cocoa!

This year a loud speaker was installed at the skating rink, the music adding much to the pleasure of skating. We should like to thank Mrs. Aitken for giving up numerous afternoons to play records for our enjoyment. Even those who did not skate liked to stand watching the others and listening to the music. The ice has never been better than it was this season. Altogether, 1955 was outstanding for winter sports.

EVE SMITH, VI A



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: Helen Tucker
 Second Row: A. Mitchell, B. Cope
 Third Row: J. Millward, C. Hudson, B. Kerr
 Fourth Row: S. Ward, B. J. Newell, G. Hardinge, A. Rawlings

BASKETBALL

On account of the excellent skiing and skating during the winter term, basketball was started too late to schedule any games with Stanstead. However, great crowds of cheering girls came to the very exciting games between Forms on Sunday nights.

Since the beginning of the summer term the girls have enthusiastically practised, as there is close competition for the teams. Then Miss Keyzer cut down the number of players to nine—a team and two subs. We had one very hair-raising game at Stanstead, followed by a delicious dinner. The return game was equally thrilling, and we hope that our guests enjoyed themselves as much here as we did at Stanstead.

LUCIANA WAGNER, VI A

BADMINTON

The keen participation in badminton this year, besides producing several experts, has often resulted in a rush for the gym. after Prep. All year round the enthusiasm has increased until now it is at the peak as the finals are in sight. Unfortunately the Magazine has to go to press before the tournaments have been completed. We can announce only the Junior Doubles champions, Beverley Rooney and Gillian Bastian. Congratulations! We all hope the interest in this sport will continue to be as great as it is this season.

GAEL EAKIN, VI A.



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Front Row: Carol Ogilvy
 Second Row: P. McFetrick, R. Fitzgerald
 Third Row: J. Douglas Lane, H. Morris, A. Iddon
 Fourth Row: E. Napier, L. Wagner, H. Schneider, E. Smith

TENNIS

Tennis this year has been a great success and the courts have been buzzing with enthusiasm ever since the snow left and our skis were put away. We have two marvellous new courts which have given twice as many people a chance to play and have created an even greater enthusiasm than ever before. Even those who prefer lying in the sun have enjoyed watching their more energetic friends striving to improve their game.

We especially appreciated the lessons of our visiting coach, Mrs. Bronson, (better known at King's Hall as Miss Robertson.) The few hours of instruction from her will give us many hours of pleasure in the future.

As the Magazine is going to press the tournaments are just beginning, and everyone is filled with eager anticipation, wondering who will be the 1955 "Champion of the Courts."

MARION MACDOUGALL, VI A

VOLLEYBALL

In the intervals of skiing and skating a series of most popular volleyball games was arranged. Amid cheers of "Keep it up!" real team work was displayed. We had many inter-Form games, the champions for the year being VI B. All in all, many happy hours passed quickly on the volleyball court.

FRANCES HARLEY, VI B

House Reports

MONTCALM HOUSE REPORT

- M**—is for the marvellous Montcalm group.
Not once through the year did your spirits droop.
- O**—is for order marks which you've tried not to get,
But we realize how easy it is to forget!
- N**—is for naughty which some of you seemed,
But you worked very hard and at last were redeemed.
- T**—is our thanks for the wonderful year
To all 44 we give a big cheer!
- C**—is for courteous which all of you are;
With manners like that, Montcalm will go far!
- A**—is for attitude, how good it has has been,
Such fight and such spirit have seldom been seen.
- L**—is for luck which we wish you next year,
And Oh, how we wish that we could be here.
- M**—is for Montcalm and the light blue tie,
To which proudly and sadly we now say good-bye!



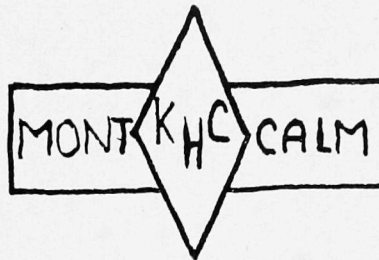
MACDONALD HOUSE REPORT

'54-'55: a wonderful year for both of us! Our main reason for saying this is that we were chosen to be prefects on MacDonald. (One of us had previously been a Montcalmer, but you'd never know it now!)

All in all, we have had a wonderful group to work with: co-operative, full of fun, eager, and above all—chock-full of House spirit! House spirit is what makes the house go round, and it has MacDonald spinning! From two who know, future prefects, you will have an excellent House to work with and back you up!

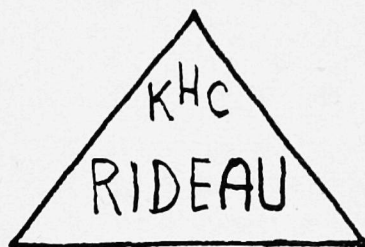
All the luck in the world to everyone on the house and remember that gold never tarnishes!

JUDY AND CUTHY



P.S. On behalf of Montcalm we should like to thank Diddy Allan for her efficient help during Di's absence.

DI AND B. J.



RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT

Yea!
We are
Proud to
Say—the
Year's been
Perfect all
The way, your
Spirit's splen-
Did. We cheer it!
In work or sports,
Easy or gruelling, you
Kept up the fight even
If you were losing. That
Is why—Rideau, you'll never
Yield. You'll get those shields.
Never to falter and never to fall.
Good-bye for now and God bless you all!

ANN AND TONY

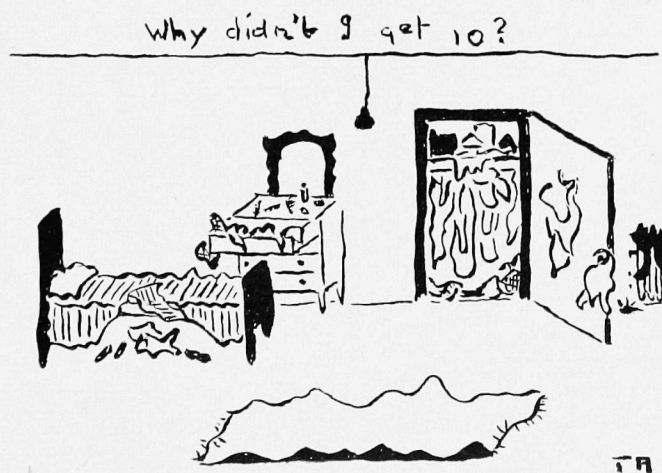
QUIZ

The following is intended to test the reader's knowledge of an everyday thing at King's Hall.

1. What is it that is almost always bright and gay, although sometimes troublesome?
2. What is it that had thirty girls in it this year, seven of them new girls?
3. What is it that moved into the beautiful new form-room when it was ready (much to the surprise of the "object" in question)?
4. What is it that had Brenda Keddie as first term Form Captain and Jane Lane as first term Sports Captain? As an added hint it also had Barbara Kerr as second term Form Captain and Marion MacDougall as second term Sports Captain, and wants to thank these four girls for carrying out their jobs so well.
5. What is it that began the inter-form basketball games in the gym. after supper on Sunday evenings?
6. What is it that produced two plays—"Michael" and "The Grand Cham's Diamond"—during the third term under Miss MacLennan's direction?
7. What is it that was clever enough to build a gym-horse out of snow on the front oval and spend a whole afternoon improving their vaulting form?
8. What is it that had plenty of fun on bicycles, skis, skates, and even occasionally on foot during the past year?
9. What is it that feels a very successful year has been spent (in the one just past)?
10. What is it that wants to thank Miss Keith very much for being such a wonderful Form Mistress all year?
11. What is it that answers all these questions and fits all these descriptions perfectly?

Answer: VI A, of course! (We knew you'd guess it!)

SUSAN KILGOUR AND GAEL EAKIN



VI B FORM REPORT

Dear . . . ,

This year has been a terrific one. I was in VI B with thirty-three others, twenty-five of whom were on the upper corridor under the ever-watchful eyes of Miss MacLennan and Miss Wood, and the other eight in Sleepy Hollow, sometimes described as a madhouse.

Some of the girls were from other countries. These were Tottie Schneider and Anne Iddon from the States, Irma Shiess from El Salvador, Elizabeth Echols from British Guiana and others from that barbarous land of Ontario, examples being Sue Huycke, Cynthia Hutchins, Lyn Weir and Sue Blackburn. Newfoundland gave us Judy Gruchy and Betty Moore.

VI B has some social belles and at Christmas our Montrealers gave a semi-formal with the help of Sue Meagher, Judy Robb, Jane Cushing, Janet Martin, and Brenda Cuthbertson. Everyone had a wonderful time and the dance was a great success.

Our class was very athletic-minded and with the help of our Sports Captains, Carol Ogilvy and Fran Harley, we produced (good?) enthusiastic soccer and basketball teams. Marj. Jamieson, Anne Iddon, Carol Ogilvy, Fran Harley, Linda Grier, Anne Holton and Tottie Schneider were class representatives on the Junior Soccer team. (Olympic Hopefuls for '65.) The VI B volleyball team was outstanding as it scored victories over every other form. Heather Morris and Bambi Reeves were flashing VI B spirits in the school badminton tournaments. Flora Church, Lucy Doucet, Tony Taylor and Tony Newman showed professional skiing prowess on our hills. Ann Bieler, Judy Perron (when not drawing), Di MacDougall (when not telling stories) and Honor MacDougall (when not reading the sports page) were interested members of Current Events.

We have had two very successful Form Captains. How they stood us we shall never know, but the thanks of the class go to Lyse Quenneville and Liz Napier for a fine job.

Last of all, the class and I would like to give a hearty "three cheers to Miss Hughes! She has been a kind, understanding, and thoughtful Form Mistress. Even though we let her down many times she has always been pulling for us.

Must rush as the bell has rung and all VI B's run at the first bell!

With love,

FRAN HARLEY, VI B

VI-A Form



VI-B Form



VA FORM REPORT

Although our form is the "worst of all"
 And always running in the hall,
 And always making Miss Parfit sad
 Because we are so very bad
 I think our group of twenty-eight
 Are all nice girls you couldn't hate.
 There's Gill who's good at everything
 And Patty who does the "Highland Fling".
 When Pat, Debby, Jane and Jo are near
 "B.C.S." is all you hear.
 Gail always loves to do ballet
 And Cathy to sing like a lark all day.
 Then there's Joan who is our artist
 And Heather who is our smartest.
 There's Bev who's a lover of tennis
 And Anne Sise, our own version of Dennis the
 Menace,
 Shiela's a fan of the Toronto Maple Leafs
 And Di chats in Spanish each day with Elise.
 Nici came up to our form from V B
 And Lorna and Mary Jane each a Liberace.
 We have Sandy who's father commands the "Lab-
 rador"
 And Cinny whose dog we now all adore!
 Dowie and Vaughan are naughty but nice,
 And Bizzy Angus is a whiz on the ice;
 Alison who just adores doing Math,
 Judi, when mad, goes and sleeps in the bath.
 The algebra lover is Margo, you'll see,
 And with twenty-one pen-pals there's our friend
 Marylee.
 As for the author, there's not much to say,
 Except that she sits in class dreaming all day.
 When in the Autumn soccer games we did play
 Our form really beat both VI B and VI A
 But now that we're playing basketball,
 We've not won a single game at all!
 Our skiers whiz down the slopes at Hillcrest,
 While our skaters glide over the ice with much zest.
 Snowball fights are full of fun
 While swimming is enjoyed by everyone.
 Badminton's one of our favourite sports
 And it's always fun on the tennis courts.
 The operetta, we must confess,
 Thanks to Miss Hewson, was a success!
 We all thank Miss Parfit for an enjoyable year
 And feels she deserves the heartiest cheer!

VIVIAN WAGNER, 5A

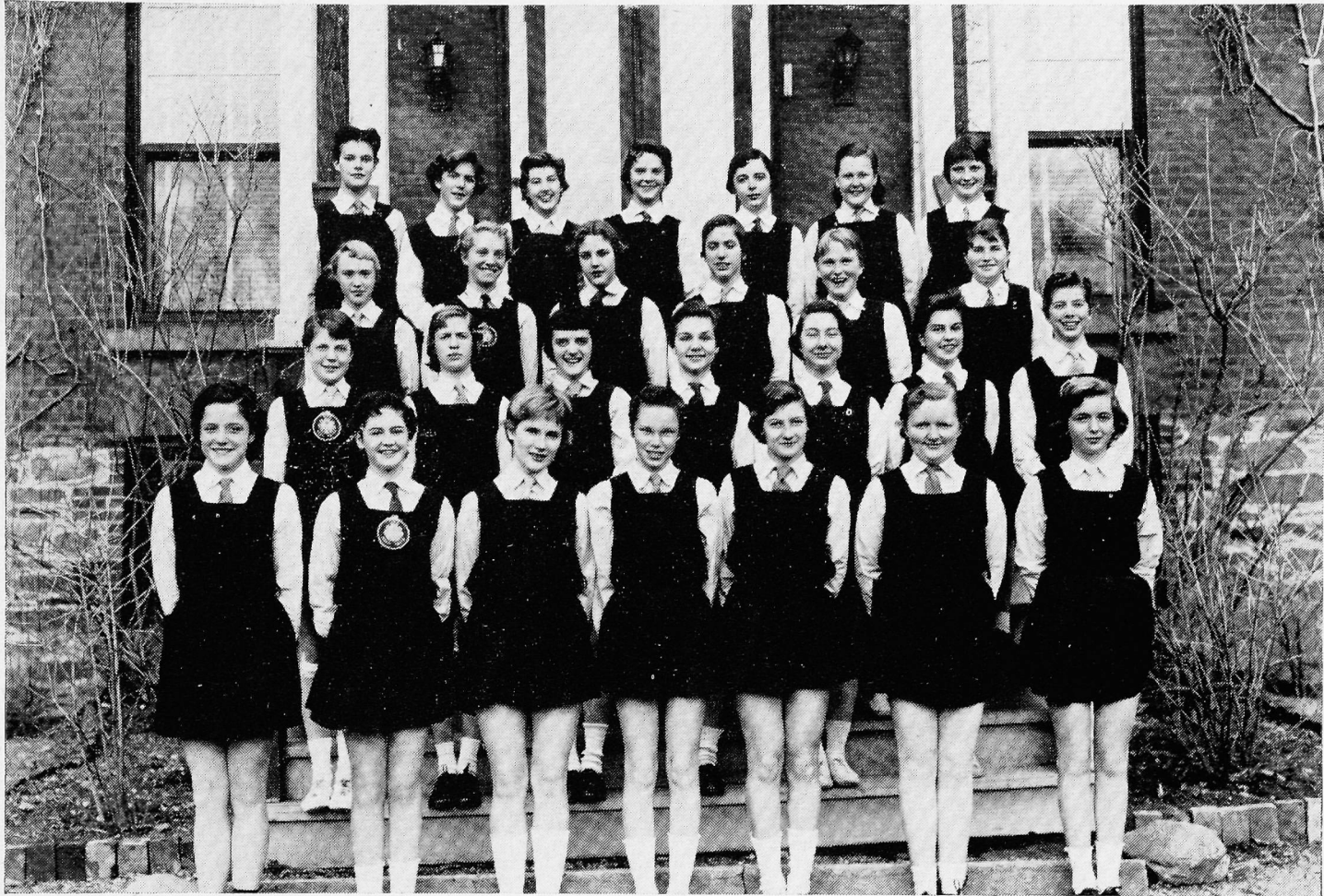
V B FORM REPORT

This year V B consists of twenty,
 (And in the Staff's opinion plenty.)
 Our young first lady, Elizabeth Price,
 As a wonderful Form Captain—voted twice,
 Tries to keep us in order by hook or by crook—
 And often gets silence with a dirty look.
 Our sports, Tay, helps as best she can,
 And Miss Ramsay's glance sweeps o'er a large span.
 Our foreigners—Ann Smith, who masters Spanish—
 Angela Tinkler—with brains uncannish
 And Jennifer Parsons of U.S.A.,
 Who tells us the fashions from far away.
 New girls this year include myself
 With Cindy Lyman, a tiny elf,
 And Sally, Shirley, Jennifer second,
 Joan, Nancy and Mary—an author, I reckon.
 The first term's Form Captain, Wendy Whitehead,
 Goes arm in arm with Heather—a redhead.
 Judy, the girl with the wonderful brain,
 And our scatterbrained, laughing, cheerful Elaine,
 Both look up to Jareth's great height,
 Working steadily with all her might.
 Rosemary Christensen with the smiles,
 Is partnered off with Sally Myles.
 So as you see
 This year V B consists of twenty,
 (Still, in the Staff's opinion, plenty?)
 And now to Miss Ramsay we give our thanks
 For helping us, this year, to climb steep banks
 For steep banks our brains must truly climb—
 All of us aren't great along this line,
 But still all have added a little spice
 To the potion making V B nice.

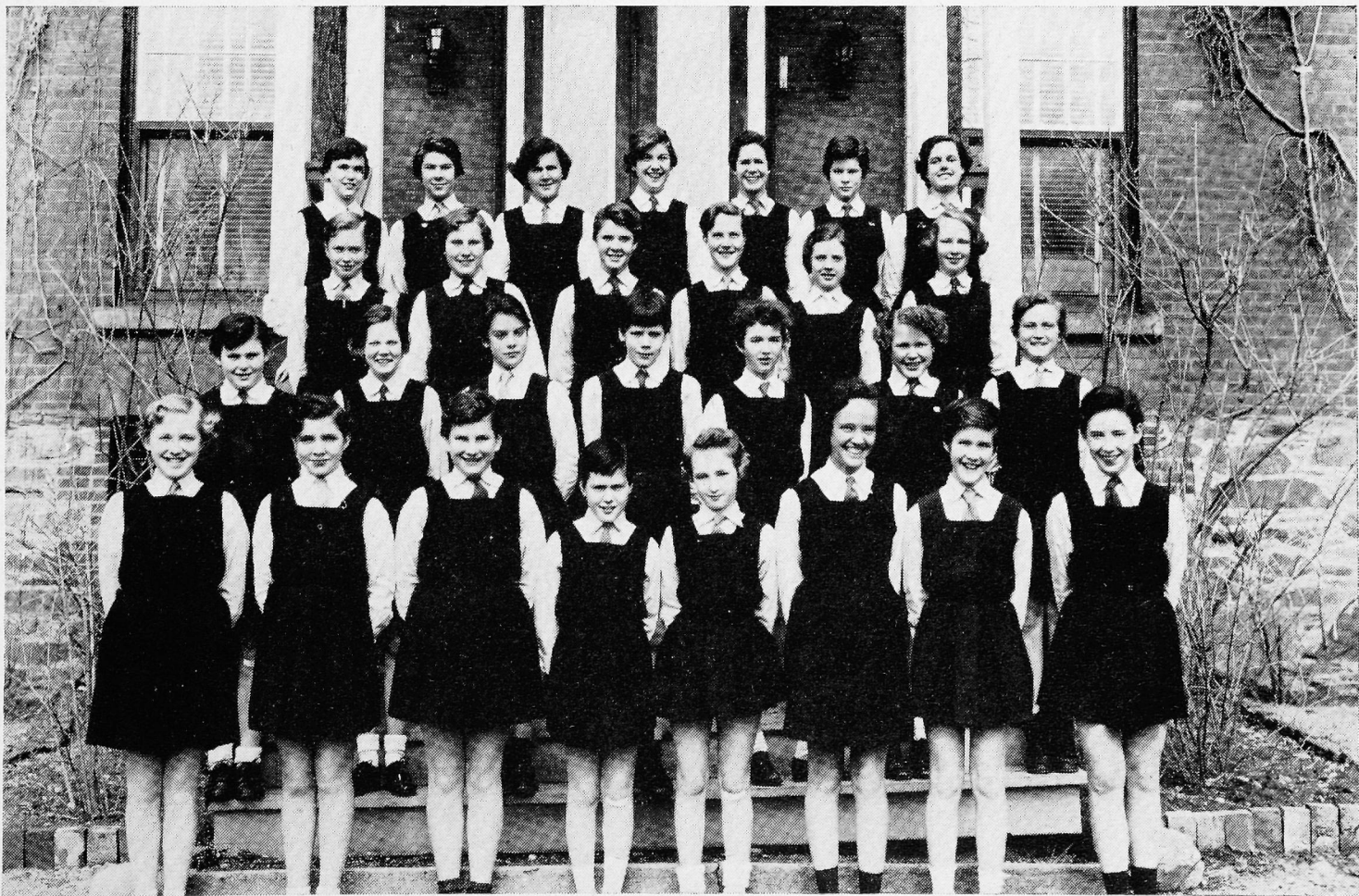
RUTH PEVERLEY, V B



V=A Form



Forms V=B, IV=A, IV=B



IV A FORM REPORT

This year our form has seven girls. These are Virginia Echols, Jennifer Woods, Bobby Starke, Renee Moncel, Jennifer Patton, Wendy Watson, and Julia Kingston. Generally we are very happy together. Our form captains this year have been Jennifer Patton, Bobby Starke and Julia Kingston.

In the Christmas term we joined the IV B's and VB's to do a Christmas play called "The Heart of Christmas!" It was very successful, thanks to Miss Hewson.

Most of our form are very keen at sports and have been taking part in the House games throughout the year. We have also had lots of swimming. We have enjoyed these sports very much. In the first term we went to a horse show in Sherbrooke. We thought it was very good. We did work for the Red Cross and handed it in with the school donation in March.

We all want to thank Mrs. Elliott for making the year so pleasant and for all the extra time she has given us.

JULIA KINGSTON, IV A

IV B FORM REPORT

There are only four of us in IV B this year. Josette Cochand is the eldest and a wonderful skier; Marcia Pacaud is the youngest and is a chatterbox; Lorraine Ronalds and Michele Robertson are new girls and have added to the laughter and mischief of the class.

We have had a happy year at work and play. The events we remember most clearly are Hallowe'en when we dressed up as a nurse, two babies, and a poodle and won second prize; the Christmas nativity play; the skiing, skating, and sugaring in the middle term and the tennis and hop-scotch now. Michele and Marcia had parts in the VI A play, "Michael". We were all in the French play, "Les Trois Ours".

We should like to thank Miss Gibb, our Form Mistress, for her help during the year.

COTTAGE REPORT

This year in the Cottage there are twenty-one happy-go-lucky girls. Our youngest members are the Four B's who are Josette Cochand, Lorraine Ronalds, Michele Robertson, and Marcia Pacaud. They are the smallest form and the pets of the school. Next come the Four A's who are Julia Kingston, Jennifer Woods, Jennifer Patton, Roberta Starke, Wendy Watson, Virginia Echols, and Renée Moncel. The oldest in the Cottage are the Five B's. They are written up in detail in their own report so I will only mention their names, which are Heather Black, Joan Cordeau, Sally Myles, Jennifer Lamplough, Angela Tinkler, Nancy Jackman, Shirley Morris, Sally Scott, Ann Smith, and myself.

Because one half of the Five B form live at the other house the Junior Cottage half can have their classmates over now and then. Mrs. and Miss Gibb have both been very kind in arranging and cooking for the three such parties as we have had this year. The Four B's and Four A's have also had some parties during the year. A Christmas Party was one which the whole Cottage attended. Being a new girl I did not know what to expect—it was wonderful!

On behalf of the whole Junior Cottage I would like to thank both Mrs. and Miss Gibb for a very enjoyable year.

RUTH PEVERLEY

Literary



IT ALL HAPPENED

It all happened one day last summer. The mid-summer sun was smothering the afternoon in heat. I plodded aimlessly through the thick dust of the little road leading down the hill and parallel to the beach. The road led nowhere in particular, but what else was there to do on such a day? I sank down on the grass by the little freshwater lake that was shut from the sea by the enormous billows of the sand dunes. I felt the water, but after five days of this suffocating heat it was warm, much too warm. I wandered along the edge of the small lake to where a little brook running down to the sea had carved a miniature valley in the high dune. I followed it, with the current pushing against my ankles and the sand slipping away from beneath my feet, down to the edge of the sea.

Even the swell was but a ripple to-day. I walked along the edge of the water where the waves had licked dark tongues of wet sand. The beach above me glistened in a burning white heat while the calm sea was covered with a layer of molten gold. I was thinking about nothing. There was room in my mind for nothing but the heat and the brightness.

Suddenly I heard the drumming of running feet on the sand. I felt as though I were waking from a dream for the drowsy beach had become alive, so intense was the life of the little boy who was hurtling toward me. He was an odd figure, dressed in a man's ragged shirt that hung almost to his knobbly knees. His arms, legs and face were thin and tanned; his hair, a bowl-like thatch. As he came closer I saw that his eyes were large, dark, and charged with life . . . almost too large for his small brown face.

"Mam' selle, mam'selle!" he called out as he stopped in front of me. "We got to get a docteur for Pierre. His foot got off in de storm whan he tried to cut de ropes loose. De boat got off in de storm too. Nobody can speak Anglais but only me, so I came."

During this panting torrent of words I had looked out at the sea. Two hundred yards off shore an old gaff-rigged schooner lay low in the water. Her only remaining sail hung like a gray rag, torn and limp. Three figures were on the deck watching us.

The boy followed my glance and exclaimed proudly, "'La Belle Dame', she's de best troller in de fleet. We're de first at de Banks in de spring and de first back in St. Nazaire wid our fish. Pierre owns her." Then he remembered suddenly. "Oh,

mam'selle, we got to get a docteur for Pierre. His foot hurts him bad."

I told him quickly that the doctor lived a half-mile down the road, and that when we found him he could get to Pierre quickly by boat. Calling the boy to follow, I started toward the road. I no longer noticed the heat of the sand or the hardness of the band of rounded stones at the top of the beach. Up over the dune and between the little hills of sand held together by the cutting beach grass, I ran. I heard the little boy cry out and waited impatiently for him to catch up. . . . He did not come. He must have lost sight of me. I ran back to the top of the dune.

The white sand glistened bare. On the horizon floated a tall grey cloud. There was nothing more.

In a little musty church in St. Nazaire hangs an old wooden plaque inscribed to the memory of a Jean Pierre Lebrun who died one summer while fishing on the Grand Banks, and in memory of Paul Tistet Gastonguay, eight years old, who was put ashore somewhere in Nova Scotia to get help for him and never returned. The plaque is dated 1754.

RAE MACCULLOCH, Matric.

—o—

CAPTIVE FOXES

With silver coats tinted by dark shade of night,
And amber eyes gleaming and proud,
With masked eager faces in silent moonlight,
And slim, wicked heads in a crowd—

With hearts sick and lonely for a freedom lost
In the wild sea of wood-sights and sounds,
Where a starred hope in heaven paid ever the cost
Of the careless players' magic bounds—

Though anxious and haughty in strange fear and
care
In helpless bewilderment caught—
The quality courage steadfastly is there
To answer what freedom has taught.

The moonshine is silky—on far woods it falls
On the tumble of tossed russet leaves.
The frosty wind sings round the heavy grey walls.
In the east, crowns of gold wreath the trees.

SUSAN KILGOUR, VI A

AMONG THE PINES

A playful breeze danced through the pines on velvet feet, pounding on the rusty pine needles, swirling them through the air and then letting them fall to the ground in a soft brown blanket. Rocks embedded deeply in the ground were covered with a light clinging lichen, musty green in colour, reflecting the blushing orange of the sunset. A dozing owl high in the branches of an aging white pine hooted an angry protest as a lively wind rocked his branch causing him to open his heavy eyelids and blink stupidly into the sunset. A coal black raven, perched high on the tip of one tree, cawed to his mate and then with a grand swoop dived off his branch and soon became a tiny speck in the darkening sky. Then as night closed her arms around the pine forest, the branches gently swayed in the breeze, putting all the forest creatures to sleep.

SUSAN BLACKBURN, VI B

—o—

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

All the little angels in Heaven were rejoicing, but in the small white cottage in Devon overlooking the sea there was no joy, only sadness. The day was sunny, which was unusual for the little English shire. A frail eight-year-old girl, Colleen, lay still in her bed hardly breathing. Her lovely face, usually the most delicate pink, but now as white as snow, was framed with long golden locks. Her mother was on her knees by the bed, silently weeping and praying for her only child. Her father stood on the opposite side of the bed, his face white and drawn. The child's tiny eyelids fluttered open allowing the sparkling blue eyes to bid the earth goodbye. Colleen gave one long sigh and breathed no more. She lay still on the bed while her spirit went soaring Heavenward where she would become one of His cherished angels. Colleen's father put his arms comfortingly around his wife, who was now sobbing uncontrollably.

The little angels begged St. Peter to allow them to go and meet Colleen. They wanted to make her happy in her strange new world. He took the great brass key, unlocked the Golden Gate, and the little angels flew happily out. They found Colleen sitting by the milky way examining her new gossamer wings and shiny golden halo. The little angels welcomed her and took her back to Heaven with them. They then showed her around the wonderful golden land where all are happy and content. The Big



55.

Dipper saw them coming and called to his son, The Little Dipper, to come and welcome the new angel. From there they proceeded to the star factory where the Great Bear was busy making gold, silver, red, blue, green, and many other beautifully coloured stars. Colleen gasped with delight when a gold star came to life right before her very eyes. It came bouncing over to her and gave her the most beautiful twinkle she had ever seen. Then they went to the house of the twins, Castor and Pollux, the beautiful young boys who dream the same dreams and think the same thoughts because they share the same heart and mind. Orion, their father, came hurrying in and told the little angels to be quick if they wished to visit Venus, as she is the first star to go to work at night. Quickly they flew down to Venus' house, which overlooks the milky way, and found her husband, the North Star, busy shining her and sprinkling her with stardust. She blew the little angels a kiss and gently enfolded Colleen in her soft light, telling her in her low musical voice how happy she was to see her. After Venus had sailed off into the dark blue sky the little angels took Colleen back to their silver-lined cloud, where they sank into the soft white fleece and counted shooting stars until they fell asleep.

As Colleen couldn't remember her life on earth she was very happy, but sometimes she dreams of a far away land that is green, not gold, and where angels without wings or haloes walk, and of the deep love that two of these angels had for her.

JANE DOUGLAS LANE, VI A

HUNTING, AS VIEWED FROM A WINDOW

The notes of a hunting horn mingled with the deep rich voices of hounds, came clearly through my half-open window in the early morning. I woke up with a start. Was I dreaming? No, there it sounded again. I climbed out of bed and ran to the window.

The far-off field wore a shroud of silver mist through which nothing could be seen. I couldn't help feeling disappointed, but as I looked again I saw that even then the mist was lifting, and I could distinguish the bright pink of a hunting coat. There was a faint thud of pawing horses coupled with the voices of the field. Now sounds floated in snatches to me above the receding mist. Suddenly the whole world seemed filled with the thrilling music of the pack. "Gone Away!" sounded again and again in triumphant notes, and the sun broke from its bed in the sky to lay the whole glorious scene before me in brilliant colours.

The hunting print above my bed seemed to come to life. The hounds fled—a mass of brown and white streaming across the amber stubble. The field followed them—a blend of scarlet and black against the flaming autumn trees, and the whole was etched against a cloudless morning sky. Horses' coats glinted and rippled as they galloped after the hounds and rose like waves of the sea to jump and land in steady succession.

They were soon in the next field, and I watched until they disappeared over a hill. The figures grew smaller and smaller as they moved, and, just before I could see them no more, they reached the size of those in my hunting print.

The field where the hunt had gathered was quiet now, except for a flock of restless birds. The faint music of the hounds echoed from the distance and hung suspended in the sunshine.

SANDRA STEWART, VI A

—o—

BECALMED

In the midst of a vast and lonely sea
She stands alone becalmed.
Is there nothing can save her?
Only a wind that comes no more
To moan, and crack her aged limbs.
She lies at rest, ah rest, and forever
With quiet sails.

ANTONIA MITCHELL, Matric

THE OUTCAST

Once upon a time there dwelt in the land of Fantasia a fairy couple and their only child, Marya. Marya was a sweet little girl with masses of black curly hair and large doe-brown eyes. She was a lovable child, always kind and considerate of everyone. She led a rather sheltered and lonely life although she did not realize this, so happy was she with the little pleasures of every day—roaming about the hills barefoot, flying with the butterflies across the fields, singing with birds as she paddled her feet in a trickling brook. Her only playmates were the animals she befriended, and the hills, rivers, land and trees that surrounded her.

Then one day suddenly all the peace and serenity, the love and happiness of her tiny world collapsed. Death summoned her parents and led them from Fantasia into the land of Infinity. Now that Marya was all alone she decided to set out into the world and make her living as a fairy that left money for children's teeth. Her one desire was that some day, if she were good enough, she might become the fairy godmother of some human child and have a beautiful silver-tipped wand to grant wishes.

Resolutely she said good-bye to all her animal friends and left her home, taking with her as her only possession the tattered dress she now wore. On her dainty wings she flew steadily for two days, stopping only long enough now and then to sip nectar from some flowers, to refresh her. At last she arrived at the home of the Chief Fairy Toothman. She knocked timidly at the front door which was opened almost immediately by a plump, red-faced fairy. The plump fairy's smile froze on her face and a scowl replaced it when her gaze lighted on Marya.

She slammed the door shut with a, "We don't want none of your kind around here!"

Once again Marya knocked timidly. The same red-faced fairy again opened the door and again glared down at her. "I told you, we don't need you!" she shouted angrily.

"Please ma'am, I'd be willing to do anything, anything, just so I might work here."

"Now listen here, if you don't . . ."

"Just a minute, Martha," interrupted an elderly man-fairy. "Maybe we can use her." Winking knowingly at Martha, he asked Marya, "You'd be willing to do anything?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Well then, you can be the housemaid. You'll have a room, and two specks of fairy dust a week. Now run along up there and get to work."

"Oh thank you! Thank you so much, sir!"

With a little bounce of joy she flew up to the room toward which he pointed.

Downstairs the two fairies were still talking. "You know very well the others won't put up with her", the woman said, shaking her head.

"So what!" responded the other. "At least we'll get all the dirty work done!"

"That's true," she agreed. "Mm," she reflected, laughing. "Imagine! Willing to work for only two specks a week! I guess no one would take one of her kind in!"

Several weeks passed, and Marya was still working away. Being cooped up in a dark room was not good for her, and slowly the lustre faded from her hair and the sparkle from her eye. She preferred the dark room, however, to the bedroom she shared with ten other fairies, who delivered the money she so laboriously polished. Anything was better than to bear their jeering and mockery. Just because she was not like them, because her hair was dark and theirs was fair, because her eyes were brown and theirs were blue, they gave her no mercy from their relentless taunting. At first she had been quite willing to do the little extra jobs they had given her, as she was always eager to help. After a few weeks had passed, however, and the number and the unpleasantness of the jobs had increased, she had grown tired, but she still kept on.

She constantly reminded herself, "I'm indeed fortunate to be able to make children happy, and so I must continue, no matter what they say to me."

The days became shorter and colder and the nights longer and more bitter as the winter approached and the autumn slipped away. The trees had already shed their cloaks of scarlet, green, and gold, and now stood desolate and bare. At the house of the Chief Fairy Toothman, preparations were being made for a large banquet to celebrate the birthday of the Prince of All the Land. The golden-haired fairies laughed and sang as they decorated the large hall. Out in the kitchen, preparing the food for the feast was Marya. Several months had now passed since she had come to the house of the Chief Fairy Toothman. She wore the same dress, only now it was tattered and dirty; even her dainty wings had lost some of their loveliness. Her shoulders were stooped as though under a heavy burden, and yet she hummed a little tune softly as she

worked. She considered herself lucky to be able to prepare the food for someone as great as the Prince.

"Hurry up, you lazy thing!" Martha shouted.

"Yes Ma'am," she answered tiredly.

After she had finished preparing the meal she walked slowly into the room where the banquet was to be held. The table itself was a masterpiece. Appetizing platters of all sorts of delicacies were already placed on it, and the delicious odour of fried chicken wafted up from one of them. She stood gazing with awe at the lovely spectacle.

"What are you doing in here?" cried one of the fairies shrilly. "What right have you to be in here?"

"I was only . . ."

"Never mind, get out!" shouted another.

"Out! Out!" others took up the cry. Cruelly they rushed at her. "Outside is where you belong!" they shouted as they dragged her to the door.

They threw her down into the deepest snow-bank, and laughed as they skipped back into the house. She lay there still for a long time, not daring to move. Suddenly a deep voice, full of concern, aroused her.

"Why are you lying there, my child?" You'll catch your death of cold! Gently the stranger picked her up in his strong arms. "Don't cry, little one. You'll be fine now."

"Don't you hate me like everyone else?" she asked, her large eyes wondering.

"No one hates you, child," he answered in his deep voice. "Here, I'll take you inside with me."

For the first time she noticed how beautifully dressed the stranger was. Then she realized; of course—he was the Prince! he took her inside with him and much to the amazement of the other guests, placed her beside him at the table.

"But your Highness," protested Martha, "she's only a . . ."

"She's one of my children," the Prince interrupted gravely.

"Yes, Your Highness," replied Martha, giving a jealous glance at Marya.

When the banquet was over, the Prince announced that Marya was leaving with him. The rest were too astonished to make any objection. The Prince took her with him to his castle, where all his people welcomed her warmly. Marya was so happy she almost cried for joy.

Many years have now passed, but the people of Fantasia still talk about the black-haired fairy who became the Chief Fairy Godmother, and always carried with her a beautiful silver-tipped wand.

BARBARA KERR, VI A

CAREERS?

(From true life experiences)

"Well, well, and what do you want to be when you grow up?"

How many times during your teens have you been asked that question? And unless you are very extraordinary I will wager that at least every month you have given a different answer. I know my answers usually vary more often than that.

My first ambition was to be a nurse. I could just see myself walking down the long corridors in a beautiful starched white uniform, efficiently helping doctors and occasionally falling "madly" in love with them. Let me tell you, one year of biology ended that little scheme!

Within the next few months I chose two diametrically different professions. I was going to be a physicist. To begin with I couldn't even pronounce the word let alone visualize what it meant, and we hadn't yet begun to take either physics or chemistry at school. That didn't matter! I was going to split the atom into three parts instead of just two, (although I must confess that I didn't know what an atom was.) It was just at this time that I went to see my first real play. I was entranced. Needless to say I was going to be an actress. I read about the theatre, I talked about the theatre and I dreamed about the theatre. I even spent hours before a full-length mirror reading aloud and practising gestures.

Then my brother left for the university to become a civil engineer. Of course I immediately wanted to become one too. Hadn't I been "chief cook and bottle-washer" for him when he had been running his electric trains all over the house? Hadn't I been "assistant number one" when he built bridges that could be raised and lowered at ninety-six different speeds, all with just a three-speed motor and a fascinating thing called a gear box? Because it wouldn't be fair for me to be a civil engineer too, I was going to be an aeronautical engineer. (I couldn't pronounce that word either!).

I stuck to that for quite a while until one day at the table someone at the far end said in a low tone to the person next to her, "Has she still that crazy idea of being a woman engineer?"

My pride was deeply hurt, and I was now cured of wanting to be an engineer. Still, if you take my advice you won't ask people what they are going to be until they are well out of high school.

EVE HARGRAFT, VI A

ON BUYING SHOES

Of course we can all find countless different kinds of shoes. Designers never run out of ideas. Despite this, however, all shoes have something in common; they are bound to wear out. This of course gives the human race something in common too, because at sometime in our lives we are forced to go out and buy a new pair. For most of us this job turns up too often and perhaps we begin to wish we were Dutch. Then we could go out, cut down a tree and whittle ourselves a nice new pair of shoes, and it would be far less complicated than buying them in a store; ask any one who has had the experience and I'm sure she will agree.

The greater part of North America seems to like making things as difficult as possible for the average person when it comes to buying a new pair of shoes. We see the streets lined with stores which we can supposedly enter, state the kind of shoes we wish, pay for them and leave. Sounds so simple doesn't it? However, this is not the case. I think buying shoes is a major operation and there is far more to go through than meets the eye.

There are many kinds of stores where we can acquire the long awaited pair of shoes. Of course the first thing that catches our eye is the sign, "SALE— $\frac{1}{2}$ PRICE" on the front of the shoe store. We thoughtfully jingle the money in our pockets and thinking the Scotch blood in us is not so dormant after all, cross the street whistling "Ye Banks and Braes . . ."

Stepping inside the door, however, we lose our peace of mind as four or five salesmen and women bearing a marked resemblance to vultures, swoop down on us and tear all the sane thoughts and ideas on that new pair of shoes out of our heads. Before we have uttered a sound we are surrounded by an assortment of horrible looking shoes of all shapes, sizes and designs. Seeing the shoes snaps us back to reality, and we realize that the hovering clerks also have definite designs on us and our hard-earned money.

Staggering to the street and cool air, we resignedly start for a very exclusive store, and timidly push open the door. A portly gentleman wishes us "Good morning", begs us to be seated, and inquires what we wish to see in a shoe. Our nerves relax; we relax; and some of the beaten spirit surges back. The gentleman returns with a lovely pair of shoes, precisely the style we were looking for. Smiling like a cheshire cat we say we will take them and pay for them then. The final bomb-shell drops as we hear they are twenty dollars.

The cold realization sweeps over us, and some quick mental arithmetic tells us that a meagre ten cents for bus fare home will be the last of our hard-gotten wealth. Another look at the new shoes; another look at the old, and all the time a voice urges us on to the rash deed. With a sigh of resignation and doubt we give him the money.

Once again out on the street we take a deep breath and look proudly down. Our new shoes wink back up at us. Without a doubt they are a good buy and we congratulate ourselves. Of course we never did save those few cents, but who minds? After all, isn't it said, "Money is the root of all evil?"

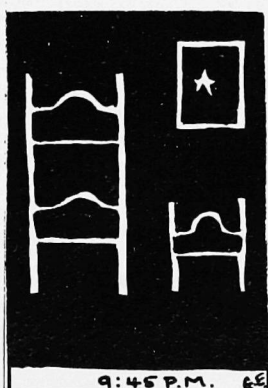
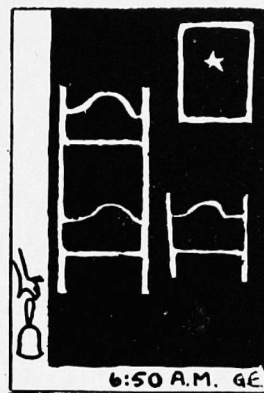
JILL WOODS, Matric.

NEW INVENTIONS

(For evil capers of Comptonians)

1. Special pill enabling one to absorb half a term's history (or biology or chemistry) in the space of fifteen minutes (at Break.)
2. Special pulley from each bedroom so that one may obtain black stockings and oxfords from basement in a hurry before breakfast.
3. Long handled periscope to look through the transom to see if there is a class in the form room. May also be used for seeing who is in the bathtub.
4. A machine for sewing name-tapes on at the rate of eight per minute.
5. Inflatable dummies which may be blown up and placed in beds. Each must be equipped with a tiny voice box which answers roll-call as the flashlight is shone on it.
6. Warning buzzer installed in each room to sound as you enter if a so-called friend is hiding under the bed, behind the door, or in the cupboard.
7. Automatic window opener and closer which may be operated from bed on chilly winter nights.
8. Small device which can be carried in pocket and which automatically records number of minuses a girl receives from Saturday to Saturday. (No need of such a device for plusses.)
9. Small plastic-lined bag fitting down tunic front for undesirable foodstuffs.
10. Small make-up kit especially adapted for making pupil look healthy or unhealthy according to the situation arising.

DIANA DANIELS, Matric.



METAPHOR

The sea surging
 Billowing, fighting,
 For strength unattainable . . .
 Life.

The sea groaning
 Painfully, helplessly
 On granite . . .
 Life.

The sea powerful,
 Dangerous, frightening,
 Unknown to many
 Life.

The sea chanting,
 Humming, shouting,
 Wishing attention
 Life.

The sea Madonna
 Of men, strange,
 Unfathomable
 Life.

The sea God's cruel creation
 No Divine Son for it
 Now not for us,
 Life.

The sea growling, lessening,
 Tearing, building, stays
 The same but Life
 The sea respected,
 Charted, coursed,
 New yet old not so life.

JUDY ST. GEORGE, Matric

—o—

ON PEOPLE CALLED SMITH

Have you ever thought how delightfully simple and concise is the name SMITH? There are absolutely no spelling or pronunciation complications attached to it, unless perhaps to those Smiths who become inspired by originality and change the I to Y and add a final E, constructing a new SMYTHE, which proves only a frustration to sales clerks who mumble over its pronunciation and fumble over its spelling and then finally drive its owners to distraction! But with this exception, the name SMITH is beyond a doubt universally the most sensible and simple "name of names!"

SMITH is a name accepted by all nations. There are Smiths not only in Great Britain, but there are

Smiths in the United States, in Canada, and in South America. Who has not heard of a Made-moiselle Smith in France and a Fraulein Schmitt in Holland, in Germany, and in Denmark? There is even a Senorita Smith in Italy. Who knows but that many of those gaily-painted, grass-skirted savages of Africa are surnamed Smith? For there is a Smith in every village, a Smith in every town, one in every city, and one on every continent.

The name of SMITH is founded upon a rock. Before anyone scoffs at it let him make a careful check of his family tree far back to the days of Adam and Eve, because many believe that that delightful couple were surnamed SMITH! It could easily be, for Smith has borne the mark of the ages and passed from generation to generation until we have it still in this age of screeching jets and atom bombs. It is owned by people of all occupations, who have inherited it from the goldsmiths, the silversmiths, and the blacksmiths of the Mediaeval days of long gowns and fluttering fans. The name is as old as the countryside.

Many are the famous people each of whom has been called the "Smith of Smiths." There is Adam Smith who died in 1790 and brought himself fame by his work, *THE WEALTH OF NATIONS*. He was a professor of logic, a moral philosopher, a doctor of laws, a political economist, and a scientist. Another, Alexander Smith, died in 1867 after distinguishing himself as a Scottish poet. Alfred Emmanuel Smith, who died in 1944, was a famed American politician. Among the ladies, Charlotte Smith, the English novelist and poet, is best remembered by her charming poems for children. She had twelve of her own. Andrew Jackson Smith, Edmund Kirby Smith, and Charles Ferguson Smith distinguished themselves as soldiers and generals in their day. Sir George Adam Smith was a Scottish divine born in Calcutta in 1856; Gerrit Smith was an American reformer and philanthropist born in Utica. John Smith, an Englishman, was the best known of the early settlers in Virginia in 1607. It would take a whole volume of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to recount the lives and achievements of the many "Smiths of Smiths."

The name, so simple and concise, belongs then to people of every race and nationality in every corner of the globe, to people of every occupation from grave-diggers to admirals. Though so many people are named SMITH we have seen that there is quality in this mass production!

DIANE SMITH, Matric.

HALF A DREAM

The crisp sunshine of an autumn day shone upon a boy who was sitting in a wheel-chair on the inner edge of a busy city sidewalk. The sunshine liked the look of this boy, and it bounced delicately from the dirty pavement to stroke his body with warm, gentle fingers. Finding no response to its mood in his bitterness, however, it slipped lightly over to a small girl who was passing with her mother, and who looked as if she might have some laughter to spare. The boy was left alone.

Michael was used to being alone. For most of his life he could not remember being otherwise. People who couldn't be bothered with him because he was crippled had been slipping away from him on some pretence or other just as the sunlight had, ever since he had been condemned by polio to the now-battered wheel-chair, which he hated with all his strength. Poverty didn't exactly help one to make friends, either, he reflected, twisting the few pencils he held in his slim hands with the desire to hurt something other than himself for a change. The gesture only bruised his fingers. How he would love to be able to aim a hard kick at the worn cap which lay at his feet with two worn nickles gleaming dully in its folds. Slow-moving traffic rattled loudly over the street in front of him, and a slight wind sprang up from nowhere to blow the hot smell of engines away from the corner where he sat. He sighed and wondered how long he would have to wait before his brother came to wheel him and his miserable earnings home to a scanty supper.

It was then that a man stepped out of the crowd and stood before him fingering some coins. Michael had long since lost the enjoyment he had once found in seeing people go by. He had decided that they were all alike—or nearly—and ceased to watch them as they hurried on their way. In spite of the fact that he was so out of practice he could not help noticing that the person who now addressed him was tall and slender, with grey temples, and a blue-veined hand that shook as he held out a five-cent piece.

"May I buy a green pencil, please?" he inquired, and a smile played about his mouth and the corners of his eyes in answer to the one Michael grudgingly forced to his own lips. The coin dropped without a sound into the wornout cap on the pavement as the man took his purchase and turned away.

Michael suddenly knew that he had to keep the stranger near him for a while longer, because in the man's smile had been something ambiguous and

fathomless that would be invaluable to a crippled boy if only he could find it.

He hesitated only a moment before he raised his head and said loudly, "Thank you, sir."

The few seconds before the man turned around hung in space like an eternity that Michael knew he could never forget. He would always remember, too, the way the slow smile seemed to light up the stranger's whole face and the deep tones in his voice as he said, "You're welcome." Michael thought about those words for a long instant, because everyone else had always said, "Thank you" in answer to his polite remark. Why should this stranger be so different—even in his choice of words—from the rest of the world? It was all a part of what Michael was looking for, and he knew that he must move carefully, lest in his desire to discover he should lose all the knowledge he had already built up.

"It's a nice day, isn't it?" he said carefully, watching the man narrowly as he spoke.

"Yes", said the stranger gently, with no hint of impatience in his voice. "Yes, it's a very nice day."

Michael thought that he had never felt such curiosity, although it was more than mere inquisitiveness. It was a longing, a necessity, and he was hungry for the answer to his unspoken question as he had never been hungry for food. But what could he say? How could he ask the stranger what it was that gave him the power to smile the way he did, to speak even the most common pleasantries as though each word hid a well-loved secret, and to touch things with a lingering touch that was almost a caress? Michael decided then that he could ask no one to teach him that, especially not the man who now stood before him.

He said lightly, "Can you tell me the time?"

"Certainly," said the man without looking at his watch—in fact, Michael saw that he was not wearing one.

"It's half past four, I think."

"How do you know?" The words came so easily they might have spoken themselves, and Michael found himself waiting, strangely eager, for the answer.

"The warmth of the sun, the position of the wind, and the street noises told me. I am blind," the man added quietly, and he turned from Michael with a swift movement which was so unlike his other gestures that Michael felt suddenly afraid of what he had done.

"I'm sorry," he said, more to himself than to the stranger. Without looking at Michael the man began to speak—slowly at first, then swiftly and compellingly.

The words he spoke were these: "A minute ago you wanted to know about me more than you wanted to know anything else in the world, but now you don't care whether I teach you how to be happy or not. You, as a crippled boy, should know how to love the world and its people as though you were not a part of it and them. You can never really be part of the world again, and the hardest thing that will ever be required of you is that you accept this as a fact. Then you must build for yourself a life outside the world—a life made up of things that are not really yours, yet that belong to you more than to their legal owners. I see you don't understand me. Well, take a star as an example. I myself cannot see a star, but I know that it is there; and for me it has a greater beauty, a more poetic significance than for someone who can see it all the time and comes to take it for granted. Do you understand now?"

"Yes," breathed Michael. "Please go on."

If you can build yourself such a life you will find that you can love the song of a bird—although it will fill you with sadness; the feel of the wind against your body—although it will make you want to run; and even another person's prayer—although, of course, you have your own. For some reason or other—I think perhaps it is pity, which is a wonderful quality in its place—people are too ready to share their lives with someone who is handicapped. They don't realize that even unconsciously we would rather make a dream for ourselves—though it can be only half a dream—than become parasites with no more self-respect than the actual insect, by accepting and taking advantage of their offer. This is a lot for you to remember, and you don't have to remember it all, at that. I felt that you had to be told. You were feeling very bitter; I hope that now you will find yourself able to be really happy, if only occasionally."

As the stranger spoke, Michael watched the narrow back. The man was trying to stand perfectly still, caught in the drama he was placing before the boy, but now and then a tremor shook his frame—like the golden tremor of sunlight under water. Michael was a little surprised at what the stranger told him, but not completely so. He had really known it forever, it seemed to him, but he had not dared to put it into words for himself. Now that he understood the man's secret—in fact, had it for his

own—he was ashamed for his moment of indifference and wanted to make amends for it.

"I will," he said quietly.

The stranger walked away without turning around, and Michael saw that his step was firm and his hands—one of them holding the green pencil—swung carelessly at his sides. His head was up as though his sightless eyes were teaching him more ways to love the world which was not his.

"I will," said Michael again. "I promise you I will; and oh, sir, thank you so much!"

The crisp sunshine of an autumn day shone upon a boy who was sitting in a wheel-chair on the inner edge of a busy city sidewalk. The sunshine liked the look of this boy, and it bounced delicately from the dirty pavement to stroke his body with warm, gentle fingers. The boy smiled hesitantly; and because it liked smiles—especially ones that were really genuine—the sunshine stayed.

SUSAN KILGOUR, VI A

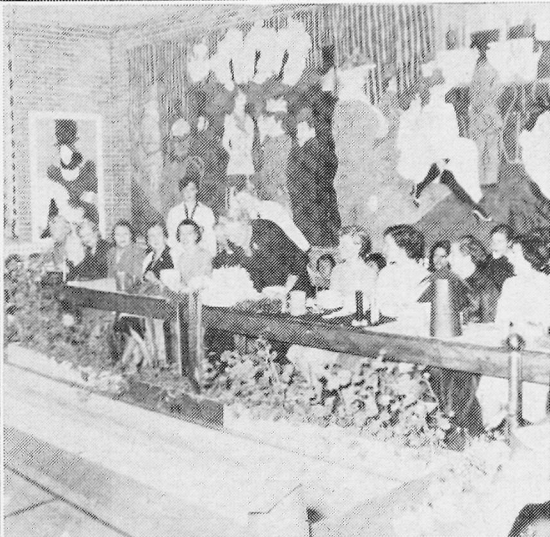


UNGRANTED FREEDOM

A golden chestnut stallion
Of pure Arabian blood,
Paused at the edge of a ridge
His white socks blemished with mud.
Poised for a moment in silence,
Then turning his head to the wind,
Sensing an air of violence,
His nostrils quivered and twitched.

He looked towards the freedom
Of the ever-rolling plain.
The light breeze flicked and lingered
As it rippled through his mane.
His eyes were filled with hatred
As he thought of all days flown,
The days this land of freedom
Had been granted as his own.

ANNE DOWIE, V A



IN THE NICK OF TIME

On one of the barren, snow-covered strips of land in northern Labrador there stood a small wooden shack. Smoke curled out of the chimney showing signs of habitation.

Inside this little building Tijo, an Eskimo boy, his small sister, and his Eskimo husky dog Kawla (an Eskimo word meaning "strength") lay stretched on the floor before the fire, listening to Tijo's mother tell an old fable. Suddenly the mother interrupted her story with a groan and lay back in her chair.

Tijo rushed to her side.

"It's my heart again, Tijo. I'm afraid that now you will have to get the fish for supper. If only your father were alive today," and her head dropped sadly, but came up again as she said, "but he isn't, and I can't go, so now it's up to you."

Tijo grinned. "Really, Mom? You mean you'll let me go out and fish through the ice all alone at night?"

His mother hesitated as she looked out of the window and noticed that a stiff wind was blowing threateningly around the house.

"I hate to let you do it, but you're the only one left. Your little sister is much too small and even to think of sending her is ridiculous."

"Please, Mom? Please let me go", he implored.

Finally she consented, as she was left with no alternative.

"I'll be back soon, with a whole line of fish", Tijo promised as he went through the door, with Kawla bounding and barking at his heels.

The two small figures trudged through the deep snow to the water's edge, guided only by the faint glimmer of the lantern which Tijo carried. As he hacked a hole in the ice with a small pick, Kawla stood by the lamp and guarded—from what, he did not know. The wind howled around their slight but sturdy bodies, making it difficult to stand upright without trouble. Finally the hole was large enough, and Tijo began to fish, with Kawla watching every move his young master made.

Having caught two fish and become rather cold and restless, Tijo changed his position around the edge of the hole quite often. His toes were now cold and so painful that he stood up and started to jump around.

"Kawla, are you cold too?" Tijo asked the dog as he noticed the canine eyes had become rather worried looking.

As if in answer, Kawla sprang up, started back to the bank and then returned to look up at Tijo imploringly.

"Oh!" the boy exclaimed. "I see; you want me to go home now! All right; just as soon as I catch one more fish."

Suddenly there was a splintering sound and a splash. Kawla barked anxiously, and his eyes searched the darkness frantically for a glimpse of the boy he adored. Then another splash and a scream pierced the dead silence, and Kawla recognized the voice as Tijo's.

"Help, Kawla! Help me out!" Tijo gripped the side of the hole, only to have it break away in his grasp.

The dog leaned his strong head over the edge and braced his feet. Tijo understood and grasped the great neck and pulled himself out.

"Oh, Kawla," he sobbed, "I was so afraid." Then gathering his wits about him, he scrambled to his feet and stumbled back to the house.

Later, in his cozy, warm bed, with his mother leaning anxiously over him, he whispered, "I got our supper, didn't I, Mom? Do you think Daddy would be proud?"

"Yes, my son, I'm sure he would", the soft sweet voice answered, and there was a tear shining brightly in her eye in the reflection of the fire.

JUDY GRUCHY, VI B

—o—

A PIECE OF HEAVEN

Behind the cottage a small garden grew on different levels of dull grey rock. At first glance it looked like a carefully patterned blanket, for delicate greenery wove a solid-looking background for the gay buds and blooms. Closer inspection revealed it to be as wild and free as if it were in the middle of a cool wood. Vines of pale pink trailing arbutus tumbled in small cascades from the top-most level to reach the flat earth below, and small violets seemed almost to laugh with glee as they popped out from between slabs of rock to catch the sunlight. On the ground before the lowest level were several patches of bronze marigolds and bachelors' buttons growing with a distinctive air. A bird's song filled the whole garden with throbbing, liquid notes as if the bird were determined to echo the careless delight it found there.

BARBARA OLIPHANT, VI A

THE LURE

The sun beat down on the thatched roof of the little rondavel. Smoke curled upward through the chinks in the straw, and flies buzzed around the tiny doorway. The fields were quiet and the oxen stood under the trees lazily flicking their tails. From the distance the hum of a tractor floated back, and occasionally the crack of a whip came from the mealie field where the men were ploughing.

Lataba stood leaning on the fence, thinking hard. "How boring," he thought. "Day after day the same—plough, dip sheep, pick mealies."

At that moment his mother, Lena, came out of their hut.

"Mother."

"Yes, my son?"

"I'm going to Johannesburg. Seph from the De Kouing farm has gone. I want to go too."

The old woman stopped, her wrinkled face troubled. She knew what would happen. So many times she had heard. The rich promises—streets lined with gold—hundreds of her people wandering jobless, homeless.

"My son, here is your place. Those stories of the wickedness of the city are true."

"Mother, I must go."

Lataba gathered a few clothes in an old bag. On the train he wondered if it was true, the wickedness. It couldn't be. Johannesburg! The golden city!

The train was passing a great dump. Dirty buildings rose around them. There were no trees, no gardens now, just tiny smoke-blackened houses, factories, and the huge piles of what looked like sand. The train drew into the station and stopped. Lataba stepped gingerly off. It was so different. Around him were "city natives." They wore flashy clothes, not at all like those on the farm. Lataba thought of his home with a pang of homesickness, but then he straightened his shoulders and walked into the city. Soon he would be rich. He'd buy a car and take it back to the farm. The others would be envious. They'd see that he'd been right.

He found a little room in a big boarding-house. It was small and dirty. Then he went to look for a job.

At the first mine the foreman said, "Oh no. Not another. Sorry."

Finally he found work. With several others he had to pull carts of ore up a hill. Lataba realized that his fellow workmen were not happy. They wore a hunted, desperate look.

"With me it will be different, though," he told himself.

But the dream was fading. Days passed. The air was never fresh and cool. The sun burned them but there was never any rest or any shade from a leafy tree. Lataba earned only two shillings a day, and his rent was six shillings a week. He had made friends with some other natives. One night they were grumbling.

"We will go and rob that rich merchant. He has much money."

Lataba was shocked. He had been taught by the priest, "Thou shalt not steal." The others urged him on.

"Come on. We won't be caught. We do it all the time."

They went out into the street. Lataba lagged behind. Suddenly he began to run. He heard their jeering laughter and insults. He ran and got what little money he had in his room. The station was far, but he kept on. There was a train to Bloemstadt at midnight. He waited.

"This isn't for me," he said. "The stories were true. It is wicked and there is no gold."

Next morning on the train his heart was glad as he saw the fields and flowers. The air was fresh; the sun shone clearly and beautifully.

Life at the farm had gone on as usual without him. A gap had been left but the others had done his work. Lena was tired, but she never ceased to look up the long road each day. Then she saw him coming slowly, a cloud of dust at first, and then a faint shape. She ran, painfully and slowly, but she ran.

"At last," she panted, "at last." Then she lifted her eyes and gasped, "Thank you."

ANN RAMSAY, Matric.

—o—

THE BULL TERRIER

It was a cold and damp night
When Napoleon got up to fight;
Wolves he would challenge—one whole
pack—

With never a thought of turning back.
He went forward a little, then stood,
Stopped to make sure he really could
Challenge these hungry wild beasts
Who were trying of him to make a feast.
They whined and barked their savage cry
But Napoleon was slowly creeping nigh.
He dove, surprising, at their throats
And the wolves they uttered their death-
cry notes.

JANE MITCHELL, V A

ON EYES

Eyes have always held a fascination for me, and have drawn my own to them in search of what lies beneath. For our eyes are two pools of information about ourselves, and every ripple of thought in our minds is featured there. Imagine a mass of faces without eyes! What expressionless blanks they would be, except for the quiver of a sensitive mouth or the setting of a firm chin; for it is to the eyes that we first look for character; it is there that our own eyes first drift when speaking to anyone, to decipher the speaker's true meaning.

It is your eyes that reveal you to the world. Take, for example, a little boy saying good-bye to his mother before he trots off to school. On his face, uplifted to be kissed, is an expression of pure innocence, but in his eyes another story is told; there, a wicked little twinkle is revealed as he says to himself, "How can I possibly slip out this morning and go fishing, for the fish are jumping perfectly? Tom the gardner told me so." This revealing of ourselves continues throughout our lives, though as we grow older our faces show less expression, for we force on ourselves that artificial mask of tact. Our eyes, however, still betray us. There are the curious, prying eyes of the malicious, poking into other people's affairs, or there are the clear, intelligent eyes of great scholars. Then, sadly, one sometimes sees the sneaking, hole-in-the-corner eyes of the hardened criminal. Best of all are the tender eyes of a mother putting her child to bed or the serene, oh, so happy light in the eyes of those in love. As we grow old, people will look into our eyes to see in what manner we have aged. There are several types of old people, especially old ladies, those whose eyes are busily exploring the world around them filled with smiles and good will for all, and those whose eyes are narrowed and prying, too quick in remarking the faults of others. If we wish, then, to be unfathomable, we must, throughout our lives carefully shroud our eyes.

In literature, famous characters have been remembered by their eyes. As we read of the dull, blood-shot eyes of Uriah Heep we shudder and quickly turn the page, yet with the shudder, his eyes are imprinted on our memories. Again we remember Agnes's eyes, soft, kind, and gentle—ever loving, never angry. In the pages of our history books we learn of many people, some merciful, some cruel, but among the cruel no one has horrified us more than Richard III, who murdered his nephews in the Tower. Never had anyone doubted the truth of that story until one day a man lying

in bed with a broken back, by chance had a picture of Richard III by his bedside. As he did not know whose picture it was he began analyzing the face. He was especially struck by the eyes, by their courage, kindness, and their almost too-generous expression. Mentally he associated those eyes with a judge; you can imagine his horror when he turned the picture over and saw that it was of Richard III. With the memory of those eyes in his mind the invalid proved that the murderer of the Little Princes was not Richard III but Henry VII. As this story is told in fictional form perhaps historians have not accepted its proof, but the writer of the novel is a historian and may well publish her findings supported by authenticated records. This story at least shows the importance of the eyes in judging character.

Eyes, too, may affect our success in life. It is hard to overestimate the influence which Stalin's cold, calculating eyes had over those he intimidated and dominated. Eyes, of a different kind, are important for dentists, doctors and nurses. Which of them could inspire the confidence of patients without gentle, sympathetic eyes. A hard cruel eye would be enough to ruin any doctor's practice.

We see that in many ways our eyes have an influence upon our lives. They contribute to our success or failure; they draw friends or repel those whom we might wish as friends; they reveal our true characters. They are the feature that will be remembered long after we are gone. If you were born again, what kind of eyes would you choose?

ANN RAWLINGS, Matric

—o—

MATT PROVED HIMSELF A HERO

Matt, a huge lonely mongrel lived in, or rather wandered, the streets of a big town.

"Why doesn't some young boy or girl take me for a pet?" He asked himself wonderingly as he trotted down the path that led to his favourite spot outside the bustling town.

"All other dogs have masters," he sighed. "Maybe I am just meant to roam the streets."

He had reached a cool swimming hole in the country and with full zest plunged into the water. It felt good on such a warm day. Some boys who were swimming there jeered at him and threw stones, but he got across to his favourite place in the woods. There he lay and watched the boys splashing and playing in the pool.

To-day, as Matt watched the boys from his favourite spot, he noticed a young boy swimming towards him. Something was very wrong. Didn't he know that the pool was deepest here with a tangled mass of weeds that once you were caught in could drag you down?

With a low growl Matt sprang up barking a warning. But too late! The boy was already struggling with his feet as they became entangled in the weeds.

Matt plunged in after him, and swam strongly to the boy, every stroke bringing him closer. On reaching him, Matt tried to grab the boy's trunks. The boy in turn took hold of Matt's ruff and together they pulled earnestly, water almost choking and blinding them, until help came from the boy's play-mates.

All Matt could remember was someone hoisting him up on shore; then he awoke finding himself wrapped in a warm blanket and being fed by the boy he had saved.

"You saved my life, Matt; Matt, how do you like your new name and your new home?" the boy's voice asked.

All that Matt could muster was a deep sigh of satisfaction as he fell contentedly asleep.

GILLIAN BASTIAN, V A

—o—

THE NIGHT BEFORE HOLIDAYS

'Twas the night before holidays and all through the school

Not a human was stirring, not even a fool;
The scholars they lay all snug in their beds

While visions of holidays dashed through their heads.

Our "navies" were hung in the cupboards with care
In hopes that morning soon would be there.

Then out in the hall we heard the bell;

We jumped from our beds as if under a spell.
There in each room of K.H.C.

Happy girls were leaping about in glee,
And when we were dressed, we ran from our rooms
Crying, "Bye Mary, bye Tony, bye—see you soon,

"Bye Linda, bye Anne, bye Judy, bye Fran!"

Down the stairs we went with a clatter and clang,
Good-bye to Miss Gillard; we were off like a bang!

And soon in the halls of dear K.H.C.
There was heard not one soul—not even a VI B.

ANNE HOLTON, VI B

CARLOS Y FRANCISCO

"Hola, Carlos!"

"Shhh! Fernando nos pudiera oír."

Fernando era un gran gato negro, con pelo brillante y con ojos relucientes, quien quería devorar dos pequeños ratones que se llamaban Carlos y Francisco.

Carlos y Francisco anduvieron silenciosamente desde su agujero a través de la alfombra en la sala y comenzaron a cruzar el piso lustroso de madera en el comedor.

"Oopa!" Francisco exclamo, "este suelo es muy liso."

Carlos lo miro y le dijo enfadadamente, "Shhh! Quieres despertar a Fernando y quieres que te devore?"

Ellos anduvieron por el comedor y entraron en la cocina.

"¿Como podemos subir a la mesa?" Se dijeron el uno al otro.

Ellos pensaron y pensaron, y de pronto Carlos grito, "Tengo una idea!"

El fué a la tabla para jabonar que se apoyaba contra el radiator y lo trepo con Francisco siguiéndolo.

Ellos fueron a través de una silla y saltaron en la mesa. Luego se deslizaron a cerca del plato de queso. Quitaron la tapadera y se subieron en el plato donde estaba el queso.

El queso se véia muy bueno y no estaban satisfechos hasta que el plato estaba vacío. Después se sentaron muy felices y estaban en la gloria.

"Miau!" murmuro Fernando.

"Caramba!" exclamaron juntos, "Hay solamente una cosa que podemos hacer."

Ellos empujaron el plato sobre la cabeza de Fernando y huyeron a través de la mesa, de la silla, y del radiator y se bajaron de la tabla para jabonar.

"Whee! Ay!" ellos exclamaron y se cayeron al suelo con un gran ruido.

"Fernando viene! Apresurémonos!"

Ellos corrieron a través del suelo del comedor, a través de la alfombra en la sala, y llegaron seguros a su agujero.

"Miau", murmuro Fernando delante de su agujero.

El se puso la nariz en el agujero y, juntos, Carlos y Francisco halaron los bigotes del gato y cantaron:

"Gatito, Gatito, vete.

Tu no eres agradable."

SUZANNE SCHNEIDER, VI A

AN UNUSUAL DREAM

It could have been the soft drink or the "dag-wood" sandwich that I had consumed before bed. It could have been the gripping murder story that I had been listening to. It could have been the effect of any number of things, but—maybe you should judge for yourself.

A dirty, mud-bespattered little urchin toddled down the empty street of a deserted town. The gray shells of ruined houses loomed through the mist. The streets were piled high with rocks and the ruins of houses, and they were lined with bodies, people that only yesterday had been living normally, if fearfully. Then had come the planes, the air raid sirens, the terror, the cries and screams of the women and children as they thronged towards the shelters, some reaching their destinations and some not. Then came the bombs and then this.

The child's thin, piercing cries resounded through the devastated streets—cries that struck to the marrow of one's bones—cries of hunger, of fear, of utter desolation. "Mama, Mama, Dada, Dada." His little blistered feet padded among the ruins trying to find food, trying to find someone, anyone.

Overhead a plane roared through the mist. Little Paul capped his small, dirty hands over his ears and lifted his tear-streaked face to the sky.

"Ma-ma," he sobbed, "I hungwy; Paul hungwy." Suddenly he tripped and fell and lay on the ground without moving. His little body was fast losing what strength it had ever possessed and now as he struggled to his feet, Paul had a large gash down one side of his face. The little tot fumbled his way falteringly to the road and then with a little cry, crumpled to the ground, a sobbing ball of misery.

In the distance, the roar of an engine sounded, coming closer and closer. In a moment a jeep clattered around the corner and down the street.

"Hey, Joe, pull up, will-ya", shouted one of the occupants of the vehicle.

The car screeched to a stop, and a kahki-clad soldier leaped out. He leant down beside little Paul and felt the tot's pulse; then he lifted up the little boy and looked at him for a minute.

"Poor little kid", he muttered. And tears formed in his eyes as he thought of another little boy about the same age, across the ocean who was very dear to him. The soldier gently pushed the blonde hair from Paul's forehead and wiped the blood from his cut; then laid him softly down on a patch of grass. He climbed quietly back into the jeep and it roared off into the distance, pursued by a cloud of dust.

I awoke from my dream, tears streaming from

my eyes, and acting on a sudden impulse I tiptoed into the next room and looked fondly down on my small blonde brother, Paul.

"Never!" I muttered in prayer as I climbed back into bed.

CYNTHIA HUTCHINS, VI B

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH

It was a crisp, sunny winter's day, but six-year-old Johnny was in a pensive mood which did not correspond with the day's gaiety. He was walking to the village with his mother to get the mail, a habit which they had acquired during the past six months. He clasped his mother's hand as he trudged along, deep in thought. How strange these past months had been with Daddy away! Six long months ago Daddy had gone to the hospital to have a very serious operation. Mummy had told Johnny to pray hard every night, and God would bring Daddy home soon. Daddy was better now, but God had still not brought him home. Every night, though, Johnny kept on climbing out of bed onto the cold floor to pray that Daddy would be back in time for Christmas.

Now the house seemed empty and an important part of Johnny's life was missing. Johnny could not sit in Daddy's lap now to steer the car "on the quiet roads" as Daddy said. He missed walking down the street with his hand buried in Daddy's strong one. He was so proud of himself when he was seen with such a strong, tall man every evening. At six o'clock Johnny still listened for the sound of the tires crunching up the driveway, the front door banging open, and the cheery "Anyone home?" Then Johnny missed dashing downstairs into Daddy's arms and excitedly searching the paper bags to see if there was a surprise for him.

Johnny heaved a pensive sigh when he and his mother arrived at the post office. His mother looked at him enquiringly.

"I'll wait here while you get the mail, Mum."

His mother let go of his hand and walked ahead. Even Mummy's walk wasn't happy; it was slow and her shoulders slumped. Johnny had often prayed that Mummy might walk as daintily as she used to do, with her head held as high.

In a minute the post-office door banged open and out came Mummy, dashing down the path, her hair flying; she was running as fast as she could. Her eyes sparkled and her whole face was aglow with happiness.

"Johnny!" she cried. "Johnny! It's a letter from Daddy! He's coming home . . . to-morrow!"

DEIRDRE ALLAN, Matric.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH BOARDING SCHOOL

I have been asked to write for the Magazine from England an article about my impressions of an English boarding school. I am afraid I do not feel very well qualified for the task as I have no comparison to make with any school other than the one I am in, and therefore may exaggerate little things. However I shall do my best, and try to describe my impressions as they come.

The people at the school are extremely interesting, very varied, and on the whole thoroughly nice. There is no atmosphere of conformity, and those who imitate others in any significant way are rather scorned. Individual talents, tastes, and characteristics are encouraged and anyone who is "different" in any way, provided it is not a nasty one, is generally looked up to—but not imitated. The girls vary from a strong-tempered, easily-roused Irish girl who is extremely musical and is on the verge of composing a symphony (she has already composed endless shorter pieces) to an extremely quiet, observant girl, whose dearest wish is to be an almoner. There are about fifteen Turkish girls in the school, all very nice, and several French ones. This shows that there are "all sorts, shapes, and sizes" living in a community where everyone is expected to hold the strength and courage of her convictions. This has many happy effects, among them being a possible kindred spirit for any girl who goes to the school, and yet a spirit different enough to broaden her horizon and outlook.

One of the things I like are the recreations provided, or rather made possible. We have ballroom dancing among ourselves on Saturday night, with expert tuition on Thursday evening if it is desired. There is always some sort of musical entertainment in the making. At the moment we are doing "Trial by Jury." The school is very keen on music in general, and those who belong to Music Club go to concerts performed in Cranbrooke—usually four a year. There are several other enjoyable clubs including Poetry Society, which is great fun, Debating Society, and Dramatic Society. All these provide much amusing entertainment.

The timetable I do not find very accommodating. You are expected to do about the same amount of work as at King's Hall in frequently a little over half the time, and this includes any spare periods you happen to have. I find I am more than a little rushed. The system of rules and punishments seemed very odd at first. The School does not

give very much liberty to the exercising of your own delicacy, nor do they trust you to behave well. They encourage individual taste in books and so forth, but let you take no responsibility for behaviour. However, I suppose it is understandable with a crowd of girls, but I cannot help feeling that a little more liberty plus a little more guidance would be beneficial. I also wish the Principal had more direct contact with the girls. She never talks to them except as a specialty at the end of term; it is all done through a mediator. "Miss . . . says" The punishments include "bad marks", but no "good" ones. In other words there are minuses but no plusses. The only way to cancel a "bad mark" is to have several clear weeks following it. There is no doubt this system helps to decrease the number of "bad marks." One House of forty girls, for instance, had only nine "bad marks" one week. Some of the other rules I do not care for, but I expect they have all been made for a good reason.

The "pros" decidedly outweigh the "cons." I find it generally a good, wholesome school, with a pervadingly pleasant, healthy atmosphere. I feel that here is a place where one can learn well of the academic side of education as well as of the other side. Here one can develop and improve one's taste with the aid of both teachers and girls, and all this with no small advantage and comfort to oneself.

PHILIPPA HARVERSON,
Lillesden School,
Hawkeshurst, Kent.



DON'T FORGET OUR
ENGLISH COMPLEXIONS!

A DAY TO REMEMBER

"I'll race you to Laughing Brook", suggested my twin pie-bald pony brother, Tally.

"Okay!" I agreed. "But don't go through the woods. We promised we wouldn't", I reminded him.

"Oh, Mummy won't find out. Come on. Let's go that way!"

Tally was no goodie-goodie; there was no doubt about that.

"Last one there's a big slow-poke!" I laughed as we galloped off.

The gallop was a fine one. The wind blew through our mussy manes. The sweet-smelling clover met our noses and there were many tall fences and bushes to jump. It couldn't have been better.

When I came to the forbidden forest, I didn't stop to see whether Tally had taken this route. I was going to, so I did! It was refreshing in the shady area, but I felt relieved when I was out of the dark eerie woods and into the sunlight.

"Ha! ha!" I panted to the brook as I flopped by the bank. "I'm here first!" Lapping the cool fresh water, I waited for Tally.

After I had splashed in the brook, chased a big fat water-mole into its hole, and rolled in the grass, I began to wonder about Tally.

"I bet he's hiding in the forest, the naughty thing!" I tried to encourage myself. I felt a bit of responsibility for my weaker brother.

I galloped off towards the forest with a mischievous quirk inside me.

"I see you, Tally!" I laughed, pretending to find him and expecting him to jump out from behind a bush. But not a sound of Tally came.

Suddenly a weak soft voice called my name. "Queenie! Queenie!"

It was Tally. Something was wrong. "Where are you? Answer me!"

I walked quickly towards the voice. "Tally! what are . . ."

Suddenly the ground gave away beneath me. I was falling, falling; nothing could stop me—"Help!"

I had fallen head-first into a huge, dark dungeon. My head hit something hard as I landed, and half conscious and half in a dream I called my brother.

"Tally! Tally! are you all right?"

The only reply was in the thumping of my head. In my mind I could see a band of boys beating drums. The beating became louder and louder;

then a piercing streak of pain rushed through my head; everything went black.

I awoke to find myself curled up in a corner of the dungeon, with a glare of sunlight beaming through the hole in the top. This hole had been made by me as I became the guest of honour! I perceived now, that this was a bear trap, for many large pieces of deer meat lay on the floor to tempt a bear.

Hunger gnawed at my stomach. Something told me that I had to get out of this dark place, but my brain wouldn't let me try to think.

On the ground where I had slept was a small pool of blood. I stood wobbling on my legs a little, then I sank, as a red shadow darkened before my eyes, while the beat of many drums played in my ears. I fell into a deep sleep again, and it wasn't until late that night that I awoke.

I had a deep cut between the ears but after the dreamless sleep, I felt much better, though my hunger was worse than before and my mouth was dry.

A broken branch was standing against the dark wall near my resting place. What good fortune! I nudged it with my shoulder and it made it possible for me to climb out. Many unsuccessful attempts were discouraging, but I finally made it. I lay panting on safe ground not knowing whether to laugh or cry for joy. Although I was weak from loss of blood, I felt like a different pony out of that horrible dungeon.

I gathered myself together and started to look for Tally. I found him lying beside another bear-trap. How he got out was forever unanswered.

"Tally," I whispered, "are you okay?" Seeing him lie there with his blood shot eyes looking into my tired ones, his bloody coat, and his right fore-leg mangled to bits was too much to bear. I tried to control myself, but it was impossible. I sobbed bitterly by his side.

Tally spoke with a soft but brave voice, "Queenie, do you remember Papa's telling us that there's no sweeter place than heaven? I used to love home best, but now—well, I've changed my mind. I want to join Papa there now. I can hear the angels' harps playing soft music. I think Papa was lonely up there so I am going to see him. Bye-bye Queenie! Please tell Mummy th . . . that I . . ."

That was a day I could not forget. Not only were the sad experiences unforgettable, but that race to Laughing Brook was the most enjoyable gallop I had ever had.

CYNTHIA BAILEY, V A

THE HORNET'S NEST

It was a Saturday afternoon when they decided to go hunting two small boys, Rickey and David. David was eight years old and Rickey was two years his senior. David had received a bow and arrow for his birthday, and Rickey, who had a great deal of influence over his mother, had succeeded in coaxing a "John Corbet" space gun from her. With these weapons the two boys set out, dressed from head to foot in Indian suits.

"Mom says I have to be in at four o'clock," remarked the younger of the two as he hugged his tiny bow, and eyed a flock of starlings as they winged their way towards the city.

"Oh golly, I wish I could fly like John Corbet. You know what? He can ev"

"Noooooooooooo, who wants to fly? I'd rather be a big Indian chief and go "whhhhhh ahh . . . ahhhhh," cut in David, "and," he added, perhaps a little fearfully, "maybe even scalp a few people."

The boys waded through the dense foliage of the woods, laughing and talking and trying to imitate the Indians as they had seen it done on television.

Suddenly they stopped their silly chatter and listened.

"Whufff fff whufff."

The boys dove onto their hands and knees and crept towards the sound.

"Look!" cried David, "Look!"

Rickey looked towards the spot where the other was pointing. There, before their astonished eyes sat a little brown bear cub, carefully licking some red ants from his stinging paws.

"Golly," exclaimed David, "a"

"Bear;" finished Rickey, "a real live bear."

As the two warriors picked themselves up from the ground and cautiously approached the wide-eyed cub, they heard an angry growl from a clump of raspberry bushes at one side. The boys whirled around and to their surprise saw an angry she-bear come charging out of the bushes, her mouth stained with berry juice and her eyes like two red demons of fire.

It was lucky that they were standing beside a young maple tree, or they could not have escaped, no, not by a long shot. All weapons abandoned, they scrambled up the tree out of the reach of their pursuer's jaws.

"Ohhhhhh, was it ever lucky we played Indians . . . a . . . lot," panted Rickey as they nimbly climbed higher and higher.

"Y . . y . . e . . s," was all the other could utter as he watched the maddened she-bear rip his bow and arrows to shreds..

But the bear was not to be outwitted. With a terrifying snarl she grasped the slender sapling in her huge arms and began shaking it with as much vigour as she could. It was then, as the boys hugged the tree with all their might that they saw it a beautiful grey hornet's nest balanced precariously on a branch and swinging back and forth above the storming bear. Then Snap. buzzzzzzzzzzzz zzzzzzz buz" All that the boys heard was a roar and a frightened squeal from the fleeing bears as they lumbered off through the underbrush, followed by a swarm of hornets.

Yes. If it had not been for the hornet's nest the boys might not have lived to relate their adventure an adventure that left two bears in a mud hole and a colony of hornets without a home.

SUSAN BLACKBURN, VI B

AN UN-NAMED VICTORY

When morning star glows dimly in the grey light
of the dawn;

When crimson flashes stretch across the sky;
When dewy shadows shorten on the gently-tinted
lawn;

The world is mine, to have until I die.

When early golden sunlight fills the newly risen
day;

When singing birds forever upward soar;
When every corner of the earth seems lit by every
ray;

The world is mine, now and forever more.

When, centered in its zenith, gleaming orb high
overhead

Proclaims the middle of a summer day;
When rich and poor alike partake of mid-day meat
and bread;

The world is mine, to own in every way.

When afternoon creeps slowly on to life; and time
is spent

In endless heat among still, shady trees;
And when the drawn shadows then announce that
day is spent;

The world is mine, to use as I may please.

As silver evening cools the golden heat of dying day;
And stars from liquid dark shine forth above;
As cloak of velvet closes over memories of the day;
The world is mine—to have, to use, to love.

SUSAN KILGOUR, VI A

THE MOUSE AND THE CHEESE

One summer morning Gus Gus, a small country mouse woke up in his match box bed. It was Monday, and his mother was busily doing the house work.

"Mother," sighed Gus Gus, "Where could I find a big piece of cheese? I am so hungry."

"Why don't you take a walk down the forest path to Petunia's house? It is her birthday and maybe mother mouse gave her a piece of cheese for a present."

Gus Gus quickly leapt out of bed and put on his best clothes. Before he ran out of the house, his mother called to him, "Gus Gus, be careful of Tiger, the cat. He is usually looking for something good to eat this time of the morning."

Gus Gus put on his red and yellow striped hat and hurriedly ran out of the hole.

The hole was situated in the trunk of an old birch tree. There were chairs and tables made out of tulip stems and two match box beds.

Gus Gus was now skipping happily down the forest path whistling away to himself. The sun was shining brightly this morning and as Gus Gus soon became very hot, he stopped to rest under an oak tree. As he was about to sit on an acorn, he saw to his amazement a big piece of cheese on a blue platter. He couldn't believe his eyes.

"I have never seen such a big piece of cheese in my life," he thought to himself.

Gus Gus slowly crept over to the edge of the dish. He looked around to be sure no one was watching. Because no one was in sight, Gus Gus jumped onto the blue platter.

"Where am I?" squeaked Gus Gus.

He had fallen into a pond of water and could neither swim nor keep himself above the water. Down, down, down he sank till he reached a soft bed of leaves where he curled up to sleep for ever and ever.

The big piece of cheese on the blue platter was not what Gus Gus thought it was, but do you know what it was? Yes, you're right it was the blue sky and the big yellow sun's reflection on the calm pond.

JOANNE MILLAR, V A

A LEAKY BOAT

One hot day in August I was sitting quietly, feeling the heat, and looking longingly at the cool, fresh water which lay invitingly in front of me. I decided that since I had not yet learned to swim, a row in my new red rowboat would be the best thing for me to do. I soon carried out my idea, and, in a matter of minutes I was rowing along quite happily, bobbing up and down on the water. Before I knew what was happening, though, the bottom of the little boat was filled with water. At first I calmed myself with the thought that it was only some of the rain that had fallen the night before, but then as the water rose higher and higher my slight fear passed into terrible panic. Here I was out on a lake, not able to swim, and my boat was sinking. I stood up, soaking wet by now, and screamed "Help", until the word echoed and rang on the rocks, when suddenly bump—I was knocked flat in the boat.

I have never heard the last of that incident, much to my shame, and sometimes I almost wish I had drowned, for wherever I go people seem to be laughing at the poor little girl who thought she was drowning in three feet of water.

ELIZABETH NAPIER, VI B

—o—

JUNGLE DRUMS

Boom! Boom! Boom! The muffled beat of the nearby native drums throbbed in the heat of the jungle night. My ears strained into the darkness, waiting, waiting, waiting. Would he ever come?

Suddenly I heard the thud of approaching footsteps. Instinctively my hand leapt to the trigger of my rifle and I crouched down lower behind the gnarled tree trunk.

"Who will it be?" I thought. "Will it be Kali, (my safari guide) or will it be a murderous native tribesman thirsting for my blood?"

The pounding footsteps drew nearer, and from around the bend staggered Kali, blood pouring from a wound in his shoulder.

"Bwana!" he gasped as I stepped out to greet him. "The tribe is coming. Flee, Bwana! Flee!"

Down the trail I could hear the war cries of the tribe.

"Get behind me, Kali. We will hold 'em off!" I ordered tersely.

For what seemed like hours we waited. All of a sudden they came crashing around the bend. My gun cracked and echoed again. Kali slumped to the ground, a spear in his heart. Suddenly out of the darkness rose the massive figure of their High Priest. A silver dagger flashed in his upright hand. I raised my rifle and pulled the trigger. Click! Empty!

"Gee, Sis, these Three D. movies are too real for me," quavered the voice of my younger sister.

NICI NELSON, V A

—o—

THE CHECKER

(With apologies to Walter de la Mere)

"Is there anybody there?" said the checker,
Knocking on the painted door;
And her hand in the silence clamped upon the knob
Of room nineteen's panelled door:
And a loud noise echoed through the still room,
And a squeak from the creaky bed:
And she smote upon the door again a second time;
"Is there anybody there?" she said.
Then the door flew open to the checker;
And the sight that met her eyes,
Was a sight that only the devil
And his angels alone could prize.
It was on a Wednesday morning,
And the beds were stripped and bare;
Sheets, towels, and rugs lay on the floor,
And even clothes were there.
The girls in wild disorder
Scurried around the room,
Bustling here and hustling there,
As they knew their impending doom.
Then she said in a voice grim and stern
To the girls who were full of dread,
"You should know what time I come by now.
That means minus five!" she said.
Never the least stir made these roommates,
As she checked their nails and hair,
Then on to the cupboard and drawers
And the confusion which she found there.
She surveyed the dismal wreckage and said,
"I expect this room to be tidy
And as spotless and clean as can possibly be,
When I come back on Friday!"
Aye! They heard her footsteps go down the hall,
And saw a light that dimly shone,
And heard the silence surge softly backward,
When the sound of the footsteps had gone.

JANE DOUGLAS LANE, VI A

OLD JOE

He was a thickly-built man of medium height with a great stomach that he was forever patting with gnarled hands. He always seemed to be dressed in the same clothes . . . an old torn shirt, well-patched trousers held up by dingy braces that fell loosely over his shoulders, and over-large muddy boots. On the back of his head a wornout cap covered a bald spot. His face was usually wrinkled into a fascinating grin which seemed proud to display his few teeth, but when this was relaxed his features assumed such an air of limp ferocity that a casual observer would feel a smile tugging at his own lips. He was never seen without his faithful dog at his heels. Whenever he spoke it was to tell intriguing tales of long ago. He moved with an attitude that betrayed his whole outlook towards life and the world . . . a kind of easy-going alertness coupled with a determination to impress his ideas on others.

MARCIA GIBB-CARSLEY VI A



Junior Section

THE MAGIC POCKETBOOK

One day as a mother and her little boy were walking down the street, they saw in the distance a castle. She told her little boy, James, that they had once lived in that castle when they had had lots of food and clothes. Then one day her husband had disappeared and was never seen again.

When James was about thirteen he wanted a bicycle very much. His mother said that he would have to earn his own money, so he started to deliver newspapers. One day when he was delivering newspapers at the castle, he saw a man coming over the bridge. Suddenly the man slipped and fell into the water. By the time James got over the bridge the man was out of the water.

The man felt in his pocket for his handkerchief, then he discovered that his pocketbook wasn't there and he said, "My pocketbook has gone; I must have lost it in the water." So James offered to get it for him. He dove into the water, and about the seventh time he got the pocketbook. Then the man asked him what he would like to have best of all, and James said he would like a bicycle.

The man opened his pocketbook and James said, "But there is nothing in it!" The man said, "I know, but this is a magic pocketbook and I am the owner of this castle." The man uttered some magic words and a bicycle appeared. The boy thanked the man very much and rode off.

The owner of the castle called after him, "Come here to tea this afternoon." When the boy went home, he told his mother all about it. With the money he had been saving for the bicycle he bought her some new clothes. When the time came to go to tea the boy rode on the bicycle with his mother on the handle bars. When they got to the castle they passed all the long rows of guards. Then they had tea. After tea the owner came in all dressed in his finest robes.

Then he said to the mother, "Your husband is not dead, but he has been over in Africa doing something for me. Now you are going to live in this castle as you did once before."

VIRGINIA ECHOLS, IV A

A GHOSTLY STRANGER

He is strong, and by the sound of his footsteps I think he is heavy. His favourite pastime is pretending to be a ghost.

Last night I awoke to the sound of a clink-clink-kity-clank. I saw a phosphorescent gleam appear up the stairs. I snuggled more deeply into my covers. Then I heard strange sounds, moans, groans, and whistles. I thought I was dreaming, but I heard creaks, as if this terrible apparition were coming towards my bed. I was terrified, but seconds later the big grandfather clock struck twelve and I breathed a sigh of relief as footsteps echoed down the stairs.

The clinking was a key chain, the light a flashlight, the groans, the wind, the creaks, the walls, and my ghost, the night watchman.

JUDY BIGNELL, V B

—o—

THE DECISION

Clara was a little girl of eight years old. She had blonde hair and big blue eyes and a face covered with little freckles. She was very pretty.

One Saturday morning Clara felt like working so after breakfast she helped her mother put away the dishes and helped clean up the house. When she was finished and getting ready to go out to play, her mother called her and gave her a shiny little dime for helping in the house that morning. She was so happy that she danced around telling her mother what she would buy. Soon Clara was skipping down the road toward the candy shop, and when she got there she saw a poor blind man with a little dog beside him. She looked at the box he was holding with a few pennies in it; then she looked down at the shop window with all the candy in it. Should she give her shiny dime to the poor man or buy some candy from the shop?

When Clara got home her mother asked her what kind of candy she bought in the candy shop and Clara said, "I gave the dime to a blind man and that's better than all the candy you can get in the world."

MICHELE ROBERTSON, IV B

A SURPRISE

One of the most surprising surprises I have ever received was a small brown ball of shaggy fur. You may not have guessed it, but I am referring to J. P. Phinias Puffball. He is, to put it mildly, a mischievous koala bear.

It was 1936. I was living then in a small-town hotel in Australia. That particular afternoon was hot; sticky hot. When I came in after a game of poker at which, I may add, I had gained quite a sum of money, I flung my jacket and cap on the bed, and rolled up my sleeves for a good scrub. Just as I was about to pick up the soap a fuzzy paw zoomed out and grabbed it. As I turned to see what it was, I received a blow in the face with an apple which, to my added distress, was rotten. I looked up and saw a little brown-grey koala bear with one hand fastened around the shower tap and the other clutching my soap. He began eating it as I moved towards him. The next instant a spray of hot water hit me. Then leap, bound, crash, and I was flat on my face clenching a handful of air. After several similar episodes, one black eye, a battered hotel bedroom, and a few other minor details, I caught my assailant. As he looked up at me I could have sworn that he was a completely different bear with his large blue eyes, a smile so innocent I imagined a halo over his fuzzy head, and a soapy paw patting my cheek.

MARY WARREN, V B

—o—

HALLOWE'EN

Long ago people believed that on the thirty-first of October all the saints came down to earth, and they called it Hallowed Eve. People would not go out for fear the spirits would harm them. Today we call it Hallowe'en, and think of it as a time of fun. Most children dress up as skeletons, witches, cats, pumpkins, or ghosts. They go around and ask for charity.

One year I was a spooky skeleton. The other girls were cats, witches, pumpkins or ghosts. We had a Hallowe'en party and we got prizes for the best costumes and my brother and I got one. After that we went out to all the houses to ask for candy. We collected it in laundry bags. My brother and I collected almost one laundry bag full.

I enjoyed Hallowe'en very much. After that I went home and flopped into bed.

WENDY WATSON, IV A

SPRING TIME

In the spring time every year,
Nature's wonders will appear,
The daffodils poke their pretty heads
From their deep and earthy beds.
Soon the violets will appear
Everywhere to bring good cheer.
Now the trees are showing green
And everywhere small birds are seen.

JENNIFER PATTON, IV A

—o—

MY TWO FAVOURITE COUNTRIES

My story is about the two countries that I have lived in, Canada and Brazil. In Canada there is no danger when one goes outside the house in the day time, or if one plays outside, or goes for a walk. Around our homes we don't have high walls, and at night we don't have to bar the windows with hard wood or steel bars.

If, by our misfortune, we have an accident and kill someone we go straight to the police station, and tell them.

In Brazil, it is different. If by accident, you should kill someone, you just leave the dead body on the street and get out of the city as fast as you can. The police don't make you pay money or go to jail, but, if you went to them, you would have to go to jail and pay a large amount of money.

All the houses have high walls around them and the doors and windows are barred. If a child goes out to play or goes for a walk outside he must have two servants with him. If you went outside the walls by yourself, you might be found, stabbed in the back, or your parents might never see you again.

Of course, both countries have their advantages.

JARETH TAYLOR, V B

—o—

MAKE BELIEVE

A goblin stood near a tree,
All dressed in velvet green was he.
Dancing round were pixies three.
Fairies dressed like flowers gay
Had bells that tinkled all the way.
Music sounded through the air,
And there the Queen of the fairies sat
Upon a throne of feathers fair.

JENNIFER WOODS, IV A

RAGS

Our dog, Rags, was a mongrel but we loved him. His brown hair was thick and ragged so he didn't look very handsome, but we soon found out that he was really very friendly.

We found him when he was a puppy, lying in a field with an injured leg, so we kept him until it healed. We had to let him go then because my aunt, who was staying with us, didn't like dogs, but everyone else was very sorry to have to part with him. He used to come back every day and wait at the door for hours, expecting to be fed, but we always had to turn him away. A month later we moved to Toronto and for a year we never saw a sign of Rags.

One March morning, as I opened the door to bring in the milk, there stood Rags! We decided that after coming a hundred miles to find us, he deserved to stay with us, so we kept him ever since that day.

JENNIFER LAMPLOUGH, V B

STRANDED

I am stranded on a desert island! Oh! What shall I do? Perhaps there are wolves lurking behind me, perhaps there are cannibals coming to eat me, perhaps I will even be washed out to sea! Maybe some monkeys or gorillas are going to tear me apart, maybe a gaily plumed parrot will peck my eyes out, or even worse, an octopus come out of the ocean, or maybe my father will find me here!

I suppose I had better go in now as I hear mother calling, but all the things that could happen to me on a desert island are better than what will happen when she finds I have broken the spare room window.

RUTH PEVERLEY, V B

HORSE STAMPEDE

As I watch their dark black hooves
Thud through the canyons bare,
Down the rocky passes
On to the valleys fair,
I sometimes wonder why
They fear a human cry
For when we venture near
They turn around and run,
Their hooves shining in the sun.

JOSETTE COCHAND, IV B

Staff Directory

Miss A. E. Gillard, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Miss G. Ainslie, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Mlle O. Cailteux, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Miss J. Collins, 4913 Western Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
Mlle A. A. Dumont, Box 129, Campbellton, N.B.
Miss K. Defries, 3535 Carleton Road, Montreal, P.Q.
Mrs. G. Elliot, Sawyerville, P.Q.
Miss A. G. Gibb, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Mrs. M. S. Gibb, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Miss D. Hewson, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Miss H. Hughes, 614 Brunswick St., Fredericton, N.B.
Miss H. Jenkins, "Littlewood", Keppoch, P.E.I.
Mme S. Landes, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Miss G. Keyzer, 292 Humphrey St., Swampscott, Mass. U.S.A.
Miss V. Keith, Havelock, N.B.
Miss A. Macdonald, Port Hastings, N.S.
Miss S. E. G. Macdonald, R.R.2., Annapolis Royal, N.S.
Miss F. A. MacLennan, 3 Dalhousie St., Halifax, N.S.
Miss M. Morris, Box 332, 5 Gibson Ave., Grimsby, Ont.
Miss R. Parfit, Folly Close, Wantage, Berks., England.
Miss J. S. Ramsay, 329 George St., Fredericton, N.B.
Miss D. E. Wallace, Box 41, Warden, P.Q.
Miss D. Wood, 1 Oakleigh Avenue, Halifax, N.S.

KING'S HALL COMPTON OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

Statement of Receipts and Disbursements
for the year ended February 28th, 1955

Cash in bank, February 28th, 1954.....	\$	779.75		Cash Held by King's Hall Inc., February 28th, 1955.....		48.00	
RECEIPTS				Cash in bank, February 28th, 1955.....	515.90		563.90
Annual Membership fees	\$	366.00					
Receipts — teas and luncheons.....		117.30					\$ 1,399.02
Bank interest.....		5.27		MISS KEYZER FUND			
Bond interest.....		96.00		RECEIPTS			
Balance of Miss Keyzer fund transferred.....		34.70	619.27	Subscriptions, less bank exchange.....	\$	334.70	
			\$ 1,399.02	DISBURSEMENTS			
DISBURSEMENTS				Gift to Miss Keyzer.....	\$	300.00	
Stationery, Stamps and Printing.....	\$	107.56		Transferred to General Fund.....	34.70	\$	334.70
Teas and Luncheons.....		132.75					
Magazines — King's Hall Inc.....		142.50		Submitted with our report of April 5th, 1955.			
Travelling Expenses.....		21.50		CAMPBELL, GLENDINNING AND DEVER,			
Laura Joll Prize.....		10.00		Chartered Accountants,			
Gift to Miss Keyzer.....		250.00		Auditors			
Sundry Expense.....		37.77		April 5th, 1955.			
Payment of balance of loan, King's Hall Inc...		133.04	\$ 835.12				

Marriages

Kitty Evens to Lieutenant H. T. Cocks May 14, 1955.
Linda Ballantyne to Andrew Allan
Judy Lindsey to Larry Durke January 7, 1955.
Ann English to Anthony Anable, Jr., April 16, 1955.
Linda Gordon to Alexander Barber
Joan Parsons to Andrew Crosby.
Sally Sharwood to Michael Drummond.
Janet Fry to Ron Fortier.
Naomi Smith to Tony Abbott.
Eve Gordon to Hartland McDougall.
Rosemary McKeen to John Price.
Pam Smith to Harold Price.
Priscilla Wanklyn to Grant Campbell.
Anne Trenholme to John Gilmour.
Joan Foster to Ian MacKinnon.
Betty Gibb to Francio Donaldson.
Joanne Hewson to Bob Staniforth.
Molly White to Treat Arnold.
Willa Ogilvie to Douglas Creighton.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Don Thompson (Barbara Robb) a daughter (second).
To Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Nixon (Elizabeth Johnson) a son, May 8.
To Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis (Enid Mary Graham) a daughter, March 27.
To Mr. and Mrs. J. Stenhouse (Heather MacIver) a son, April 8.
To Mr. and Mrs. F. Stuart Large (Elizabeth Bradshaw) a daughter.
To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parker (Nancy Logan) a daughter, June 26, 1954.
To Mr. and Mrs. David Robins (Joan Spafford) a daughter, December 21, 1954.
To Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr., (Julia Mackenzie) a daughter, June 24, 1954.

Engagements

Jean Dodds to Ralph George Kazi.
Enid Gollet to Ronald McNeill.

Exchanges

- LEEDS GIRL'S HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Leeds, England.
ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW: St. Andrew's, Aurora, Ontario.
EDGEHILL REVIEW: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.
LUDEMAS: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.
BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.
LACHUTE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL: Lachute, P.Q.
THE BEAVER LOG: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, P.Q.
THE TALLOW DIP: Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.
THE CROFTONIAN: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.
THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.
THE BLUE AND WHITE: Rothesay School, Rothesay, N.B.
THE PIBROCH: Strathallan School, Hamilton, Ont.
THE MITRE: University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q.
THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.
TECHNICAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE: Saskatoon, Sask.
SAMARA: Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.
INTRA MUROS: St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ont.
THE RECORD: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
THE ASHBURIAN: Ashbury College School, Ottawa, Ont.
THE GROVE CHRONICLE: Lakefield, Ont.
THE ALMAPHALIAN: Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.
THE BALMORAL HALL MAGAZINE: Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.
THE CHRONICLE: The Study, Montreal, P.Q.
THE ALIBI: Albert College, Belleville, Ont.

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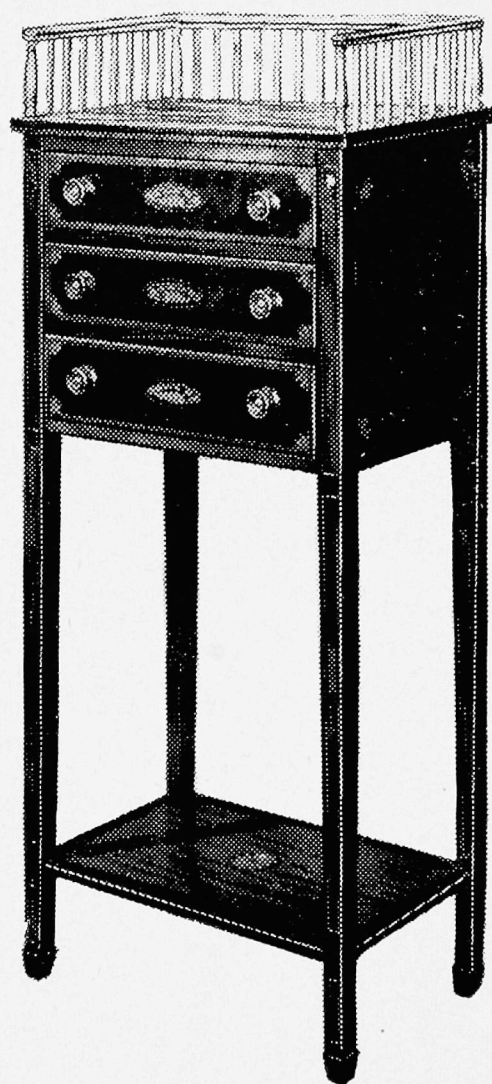
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C. Bailey, 11 Newcourt Road, Bray, Co. Wicklow, Eire.
G. Bastian, 1780 Dumfries Road, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
A. Beattie, 14 Richelieu Road, Fort Chambly, P.Q.
A. Bieler, 2151 Brulard, Sillery, P.Q.
J. Bignell, 65 St. Anne Street, Quebec City, P.Q.
H. Black, 217 Stanstead Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
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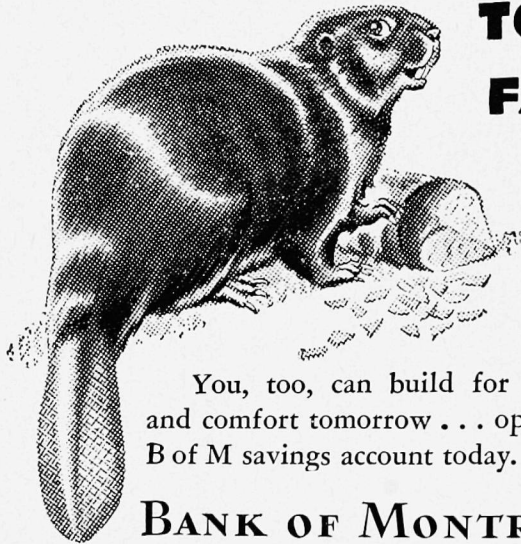


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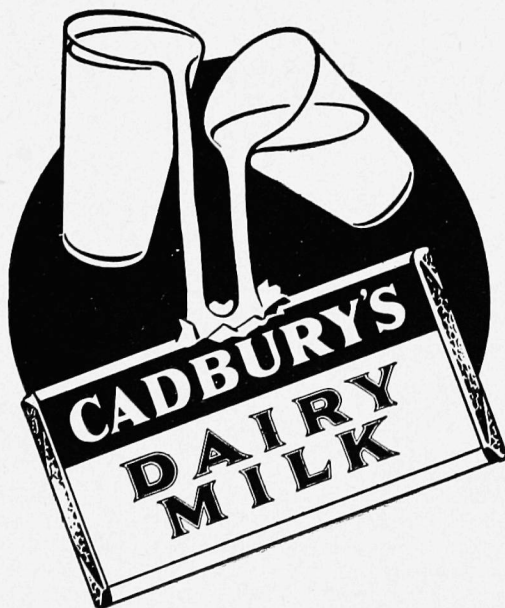
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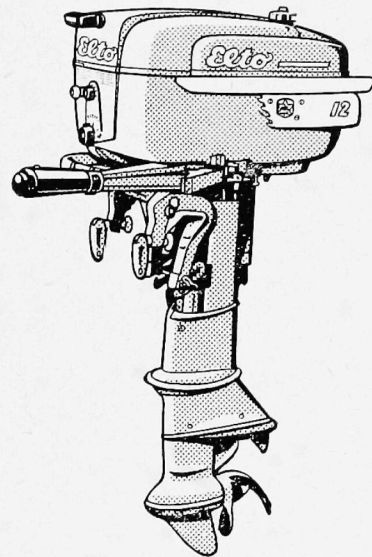
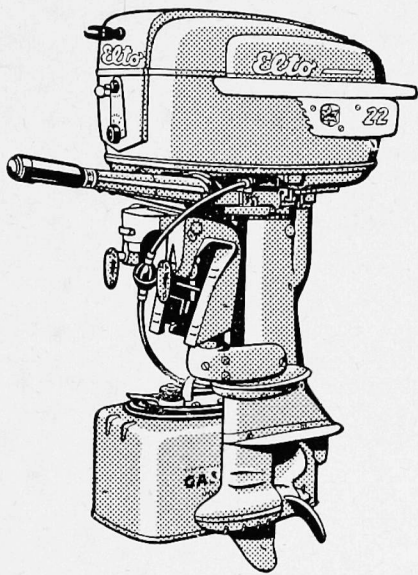
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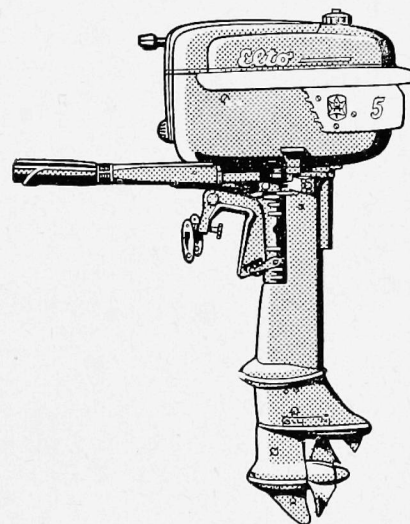
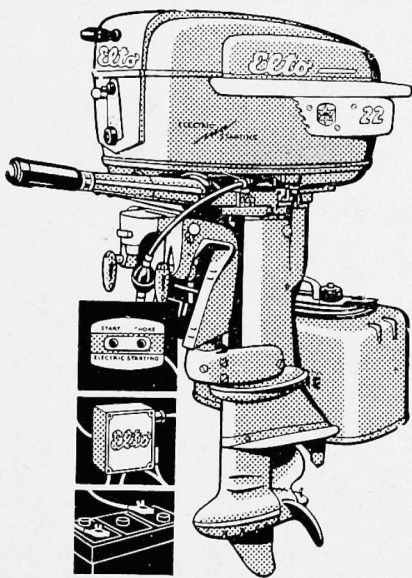
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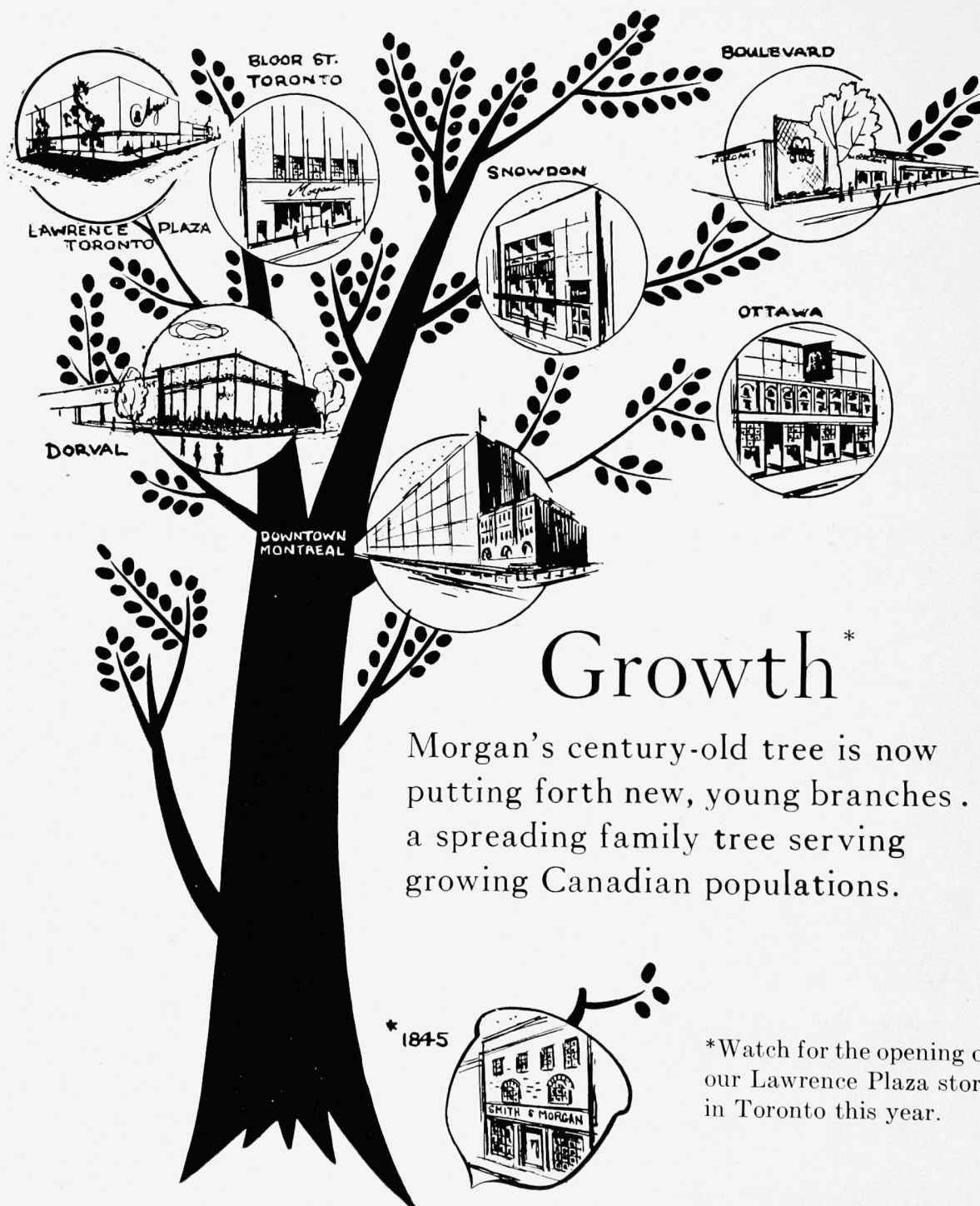
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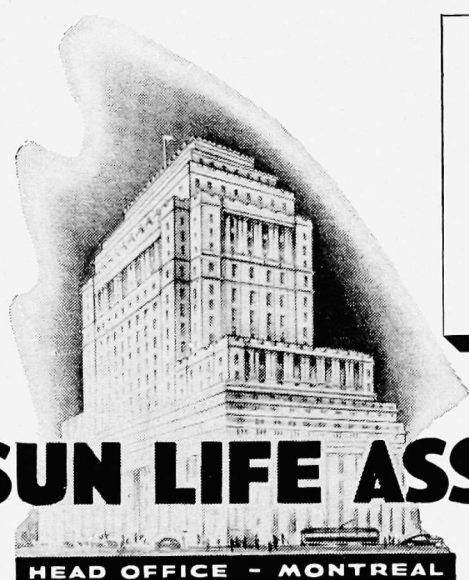
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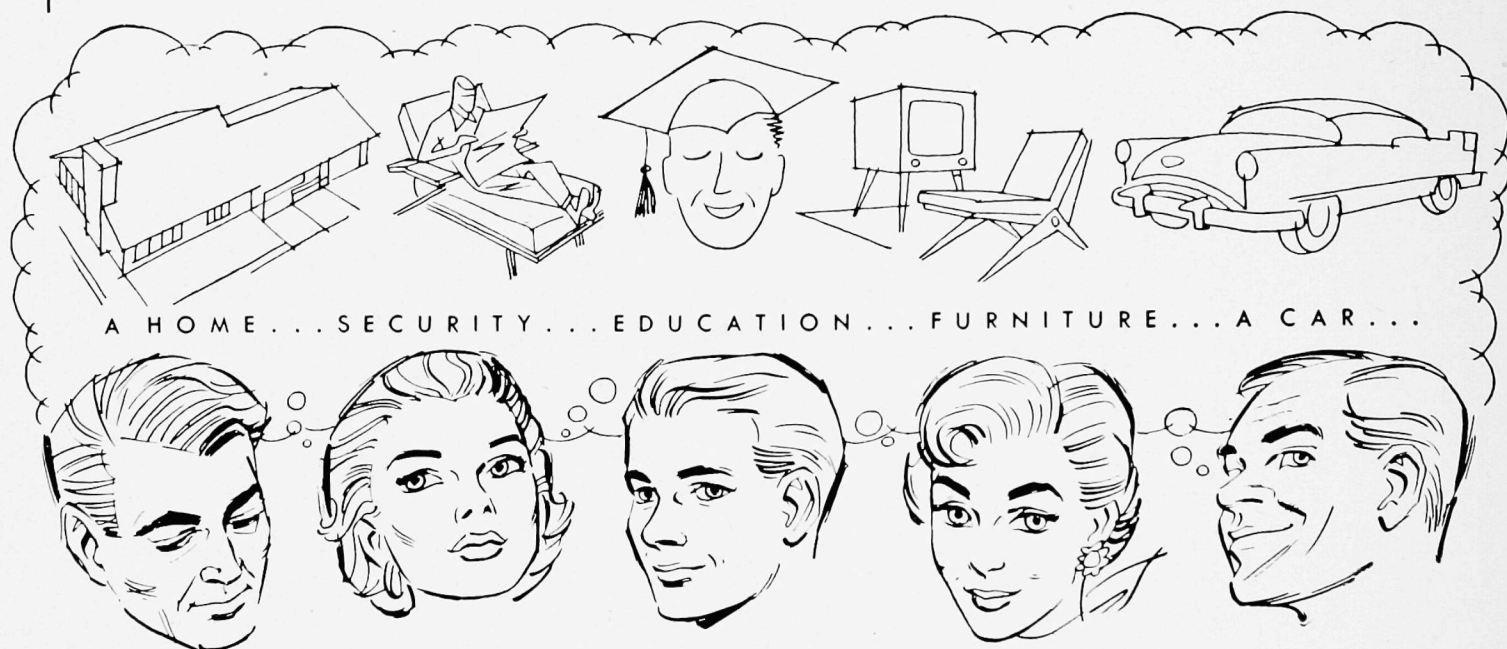
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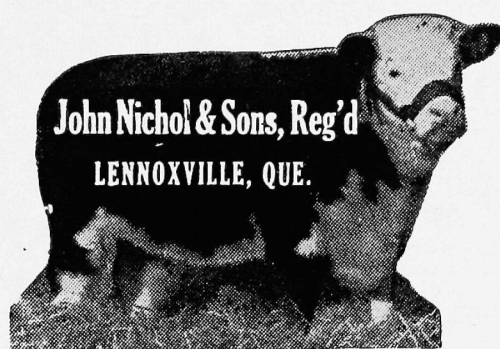


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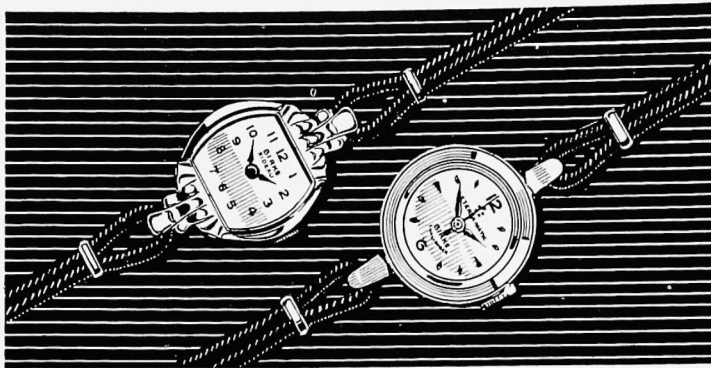


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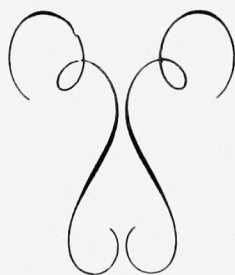
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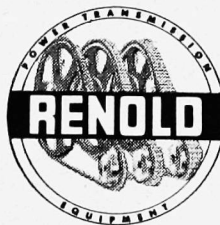
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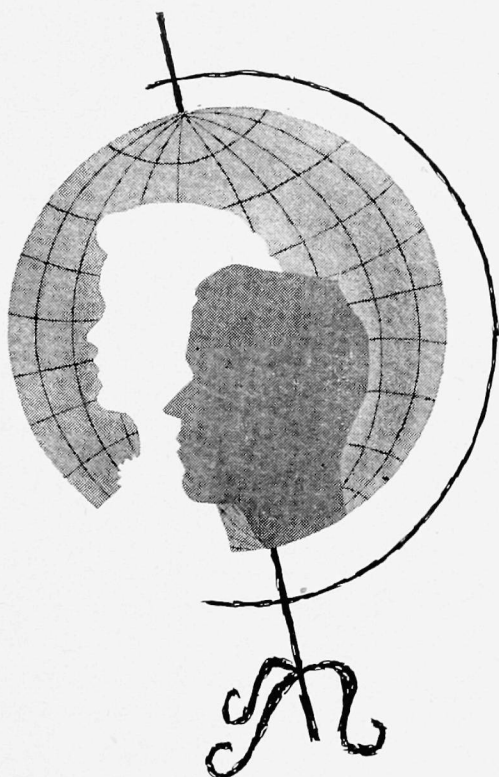
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